

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF
FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The main event of the month has been the Installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of English Freemasonry, at the Albert Hall, April 28th. No such meeting of Freemasons has ever been held previously in England, and we shall probably not very soon look upon its like again. Had there been room, we should probably have witnessed a muster of thirty thousand goodmen and true, instead of about eight thousand. Those who were privileged to be present will not soon forget the proceedings of that day. Despite the cavils of some, and the sneers of others, it was an event indeed long to be preserved in the memories of all true Freemasons. The sight was a wonderful one. That noble hall filled with row upon row of serried Craftsmen, the mass of blue intermingled with the purple, and here and there a sprinkling of red, all gave to the beholder a sense of vastness, accompanied by feelings of warm admiration. The reception of the Grand Master by this great assembly was from first to last most enthusiastic. At times it almost seemed as if the cheering never would cease, as if the cheerers never would tire. The Prince of Wales himself was apparently much affected by that prolonged roll of deafening plaudits, which rose, as if from one man, from that dense mass of living beings before him. All the arrangements were perfect, and reflect the highest credit on Sir Albert W. Woods and Bro. Thomas Fenn, whose labours have been untiring, but whose success has been unexampled. It may fairly be said that never were so many brethren so skilfully handled; and so admirable, and yet so simple were all the details for admission and location of the brethren, that no hitch occurred, and all got to their places, and left them with ease, rapidity and comfort. Lord Carnarvon's speech as the Pro-Grand Master was most happy and eloquent. It exactly suited the occasion. It spoke the truth, and it was thoroughly Masonic. Some one has said that if you say the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, you achieve a great result. And no

speech that we have ever listened to seemed to us more befitting the scene and the gathering. Our Royal Grand Master's speech was admirably delivered, was well heard, and warmly received. It came evidently from the heart, and went to the heart. Those who cheered him, and those who heard the cheering, will long remember the bursts of enthusiastic applause which greeted his words, which hailed his advent, and which accompanied his departure. We all must feel glad that we have been privileged to see the installation, and will hope and pray that all good may accompany our Grand Master in his onward career and his exalted position, and that the link thus welded firm and fast between him and our good English Craft may never be broken.

The second great annual festival of our Charitable Institutions has passed over, and with signal success. Under the effective presidency of our worthy and distinguished Bro. the Lord Mayor, the Girls' School Anniversary, May 11th, has served to show how warm still are the sympathies of our benevolent order. £7,268, returned by the Stewards' list, is a striking amount both to collect and acknowledge.

Thus the first two festivals of 1875 have produced £14,000, and we trust that the Boys' School Festival, as we doubt not, will equally redound to the credit of the Craft, and equally advance the cause of Masonic charity.

Here is our best, nay, the only reply we condescend to make to the childish censure and the uncharitable incrimination.

In France the Chapitres and the Grand Orient have come into collision, and though we believe that in their original proceedings the Grand Orient were in the right, we yet feel bound honestly to admit that we deem their present resolutions to be entirely wrong. We speak, however, with some reserve, as it is difficult for us in England, perhaps, to "envisager" the position of affairs in France. But we confess that our advice would be, let the Chapitres go their way and you go yours. Do not begin an endless strife, to be accompanied by mutual recrimination.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
*As Most Worshipful Grand Master, at the
Albert Hall, 28th April 1875.*

BY BRO. WALTER SPENCER, OF LODGE 263.

Transmitted by the Author.

Remotest Past hath left its prints sublime,
Its ruined Temples everywhere remain
Admonishing through change of place and
time
By monuments not thus bequeathed in
vain,
That all things here must suffer change—
save TRUTH.
Like sand by sand, earth's crust is worn
away,
For Continent and ocean change, as youth
Changes to age, as night succeeds to-day.
Review the vanished Empires of our earth
Which budded, ripened—and then faded
out
Until, down-trodden in a wintry dearth,
Their very names become the sport of
doubt!
Reckon the leaders who have toiled and
wrought
To leave their marks on Hist'ry's page—
in vain ;
Whose cherished visions have been brought
to nought ;
Whose praises never can be sung again !
Think of the great thoughts that have
flashed to light,
Thoughts to inspire the coming time and
mind,
Whose authors rest neglected, in the night
Which gave a brighter dawn unto
mankind !
Even Religions—see how changed at last
The creeds that millions clung to in the
Past !
Is there an Ideal in whose spirit-youth
There lives enshrined an everlasting
Truth ?
Is there a ray beaming through Hist'ry's
night
Which emanated from the primal Light
To shew us antient symbols, that reflect
The fiat of the world's Great Architect ?
Yes ! Nature's Truths extending through
the Past
As through the Present, shame Man's
changeeful tale ;

And antient Landmarks founded deep, to
last,
Those primal Truths in graven symbols
veil.

Our allegory claims them for its own,
Echoing a voice which, laden with their
lore

Through ages gone, repeats in earnest tone
Their solemn formulæ for evermore ;
And teaches Masons, an immortal lot
In " Universal Charity " to found,
Whose centre may be struck at every spot,
And whose circumference no space can
bound.

Those truths, to us in allegory told,
With Light in the beginning had their
birth ;

The banded wisdom of the wise of old
Their moral treasure guarded for the
earth.

And ever with the Sun, that *from the East*
Will *towards the West* its living radiance
shed,

The sacred flame to glow has never ceased
Which for our use departed Brethren fed
That we might tend it in our turn : the
while

They numbered years in stone on Carnac's
bed,
Recorded Seasons on Stoneheuge's pile
Or named the Stars from off the Pyramid.

We work by the inexorable Laws
Which the great Cosmos owns for rule
of right,

Nor waste our strength upon the quips
and flaws

Over which some dispute and bigots fight !
We gaze up at the canopies of stone
That from the ground aspire to reach
the skies,

And (claiming antient Masons' art our own
By which our spiritual temples rise)

Acknowledging a great Ideal divine
Embodied thus by Mason's toil and sighs
Feel, that the altars which those fanes
enshrine

Are hallowed by the thoughts we
symbolise !

FREEMASONS work for love unto the art,
Not for the hire alone to serve the Lord ;
Infusing fervour into every part

Which grows an earnest of our rich reward.
For at the last, our earthly labours done
If worthy, the Great Architect's com-
mands

Will raise each like a proved and perfect
stone

Into a temple builded not with hands.

And here—the heirs unto the men of old
Will emulate their fervour and their zeal:
Joining in courses of symmetric mould
To strengthen and adorn the common-
weal.

Though dying dogmas shun the Masons'
light,

Nor brook the Level laid upon the priest,
Here may the Free of every creed unite
Where one rule tries the greatest and
the least!

The Sons of TOLERANCE assemble here,
Christians or Jews, Parsees or Mussulmen.
The same Great Architect we all revere
With those of yore, bonded by Truth
as then.

Under our PRINCE a living dome we
build

The polished keystone of whose crown
is he;

And all for ever in the Temple filled
The Masons' word seals thrice—

FIDELITY!!!

For God said:

“In STRENGTH will I establish this mine
house TO STAND FIRM FOR EVER.”

OUR ENGLISH FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

That the Installation of the Prince of Wales is a great event in itself for us English Freemasons, no dispassionate and reflecting person can for a moment doubt or dispute. Though some writers may affect to treat it lightly, though others may ignore it, though some may turn it into ridicule, it is a very appreciable fact in the annals of English Freemasonry.

In the first place, the connection between our Royal Family and Freemasonry has always been a very happy one. In other days and less quiet times no body of men clung more closely to their royal head, no assembly of men were more deeply actuated by the genuine principles of English loyalty than Freemasons in this country.

It is this fact, I think, which has given to English Freemasonry that specially orderly and law-observing character by

which it is known alike to friend and foe. English Freemasons have always been most opposed to seditious movements or political combinations; they have never lent themselves to any Utopian schemes or socialistic chimeras, but have been proverbially a most loyal body of patriotic citizens.

They have ever avowed unflinching obedience to the “Sovereign of their native land,” as due from all English Freemasons, and they have ever declared that obedience to the laws of foreign countries is required from all Freemasons in those countries which for a time become the place of their residence, or afford them their protection.

And another reason that the Installation of the Prince of Wales is a notable fact for the age and for Freemasons is, that it is an answer at once to many childish calumnies and ridiculous allegations. The Prince of Wales becomes our Grand Master, two of his brothers are affiliated to our order. They, at any rate, know that we are not a gang of secret conspirators, a hurtful combination of lawless and revolutionary destructives. However in some countries mistaken zeal for social improvements, or high-flown sentiments of humanitarian sympathy, may have induced foreign Freemasons, here and there, to mix themselves up with political questions, we know nothing of such ways or doings in England. We are simply a loyal and charitable brotherhood, intent on works of benevolence and fraternal good-will, and not averse to the genial gathering or the social reunion. In English Freemasonry we know nothing actually of the “tumult of politics,” nor of the “controversies of religion.”

Hence the Installation of our Grand Master is, as far as we are concerned, an answer to many calumnies and hot-headed calumniators. Let others attack us as they will; they dare not say—they cannot pretend to believe—that we are a political association. We repudiate any such ill-founded and ignorant charge indignantly.

And I think that we have another and remarkable cause of thankfulness that we have witnessed this Installation of the Prince of Wales. There are those who affect to laugh at our assemblies, and to undervalue our professions. Even the *Saturday Review* has lately condescended to the taunt, that *love of*

dress and show is our great rallying point. Formerly it was that we loved a good dinner; now it is that we are victims to a mania for personal decoration. In my humble opinion, these various attacks prove that Freemasonry is really a more stable institution, and more popular, than many like to admit, or to realize.

There is still a good deal of latent, if not open opposition to Freemasonry "per se." We are too tolerant for many, too unsectarian for more. I for one fully admit that Freemasonry, in its world-wide platform, may be a stumbling-block to many most conscientious men, but so it is, and alter it we cannot, and alter it we will not. Freemasonry possesses then one great happy privilege, of being absolutely neutral ground amid the noisy combats and angry combatants in the great arena of this world's disputes, and controversies, and "ologies," and "isms." It is like a "tabula rasa" for many who seek to find a standing place there for favourite dogmas and special hobbies. Our English Freemasonry knows nothing of such hurtful amusements, they are not permitted to intrude on its quiet peaceful pathway of philanthropic progress, and tolerating comprehensiveness. And I, therefore, am glad to remember that the Prince of Wales is at the head of our fraternity, as it is an omen of good for us and for it.

I believe that we have much prosperity before us all, as the good ship glides gently on amid favouring currents and fair winds. So long as we remain true to the great landmarks and lessons of our Order, despite the excommunication, despite the shallow sneer, we shall move on, each day "strengthening our stakes," each year adding to our numbers, because our principles are such as commend them to the age in which we live, conducing alike, as I believe they do, to the honour of God and the welfare of man.

ORIGIN AND BEAUTY OF MASONIC SYMBOLISM.

An eloquent and very instructive oration delivered before the Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M., of Colorado, September 29th, 1874, by the Grand Orator, M.: W.: H. P. H. Bromwell, Past Grand Master of Masons of Illinois.

ORATION.

Behold, Most Worshipful Grand Master, the sun at high meridian when the noon-tide bathes the mountain heights, and floods valley and plain and forest, with all-renewing warmth and light and life.

How the eye seems to go out and ex-patiate in the boundless expanse, and dwells enchanted in the infinite distances, and amid the scenes of beauty which spread and mingle their charms both far and near!

Not beauty and splendour only flow from the presence of the regal sun—the life-giving beams, which fill all space, pervade, also, all forms and substances however minute,—all agencies and operations however imperceptible,—the teeming earth grows warm, and the marvellous chemistry of nature puts forth its energies in countless and complicated modes; the mineral substances are alive with incessant change and transmutation; the waters, atmospheres and vapours are quick with modulations and undulations of nascent life; the veins and arteries of all plants throb with the secret impulses of the universal soul, and the juices, life-blood of the vegetable world, flow and ebb in their invisible channel, preparing and furnishing substance to the bud, gloss and colour to the leaf, tints and odours to the blossom, and energy and nutriment to the seed and fruit.

The oak towers, the pine burgeons, the elm spreads its sweeping drapery, the vine flings out its stars and bugles, the berries ripen and glow with auroral colours, the grasses wave their tiny swords and plumes, the flowers spread the tessellated carpet all abroad; the grape and olive prepare their wine and oil, and harvest-fields their corn, for the blessing and consecration of the Sabbath of the year.

All this and more upon the earth, but in the fields of air the life goes on; the cloudy canopy spreads its gold and silver and crimson banners with ever-changing magnificence; the winds go forth upon their circuits, the singing breezes, with their psalms and incense, and the walking storm with its awful hosts.

Well did they say in the olden time, that "the sun is the beauty and glory of the day," for without the sun, all would be still and cold and dumb and dead. Who wonders that men in all ages have hailed

the sun as the fountain of all life, the author of nature, and the god of the universe; that those lacking the searching intelligence which penetrates beyond the outer veil which divides sensible from intellectual things, to explore hidden causes and more universal and primary life, worshipped the day star as the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and with incense and oblations sought to propitiate the favour or appease the wrath of the visible godhead whose smile or frown sped the javelins of light or the bolt of the storm-cloud.

The less the knowledge of astronomical and terrestrial laws, the more absolute the empire of the senses, and the more astounding and awful the phenomena of the ærial and siderial heavens. Hence, those who lived in the intellectual infancy of their race, peopled earth and heaven with imaginary deities, clothed with such attributes as natural forces would represent; and from the external war of the elements and the beneficent fruits of their interior harmony, came forth gods of good and evil. "Hosts of Heaven," and air and sea—celestial and infernal—gods, giants, deeves, genii, gnomes and fays, furies and fates, nymphs and graces—in a thousand weird or awful forms they stalked or flew to the disturbed visions of bards and hierophants.

All lands are filled with relics of such worship of material forces, under strange names, and often with curious and revolting ceremonies.

In all forms of such worship, the sun (the Light God) stood supreme; if not the real, yet as the representative object, whether hailed as Brahm, Om, Odin, Osiris, Mithra, Adonis, Jupiter, or Montezuma; and in imitation of the mysterious secrecy of nature and the order of the planetary and terrestrial courses, both science and worship were veiled and hidden in the forms of peculiar and awful ceremonies, or mysteries conferred in secret degrees, or grades, on the selected few.

To the hierophant of the less enlightened of these mysteries, the natural forces and phenomena were realities—actual beings invested with supernal powers; and superstition and cruelty marked the forms of their institutions.

But there never were wanting in the more enlightened portions of the world

those whose sagacious and reflective minds penetrated the recesses of nature and reached toward sublime and primary principles, and who somewhat understood and appreciated the real secret and mystery of the universe, and these, in their retreats of initiation, taught a high and ennobling philosophy under the like natural symbols, and this was doubtless the principal secret in the initiations of the more enlightened nations, the instructing of the initiate in the real secrets, moral, intellectual and physical, contained in the received mythology and popular fables of the age.

In all organized mysteries were to be found the same number of degrees, or steps, corresponding to the number of degrees in which all things of the universe exist, which are three.

In all of them the order of the heavens, the courses of the planets, the change and succession of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of the day, were represented in the forms and appointments of their temples, groves or caverns, as well as in the ceremonies they observed.

In all, as by an instinctive impulse, higher and surer than mere reasoning could attain, the founders acted wiser than they knew; or, by an inspiration few are willing to acknowledge, they caught some insight of the harmony of all things in their order, and traced in the sublime truths of the visible universe the correspondences of the more sublime truths of the human mind; and the most sublime which relate to moral things, and the nature and manifestations of the divine in its infinite character and attributes.

Whether these principles were embodied in any of the mysteries at their beginning, or were developed in the course of ages, we can never know, for the history of the world gives us no beginnings, being itself a thing of yesterday. There are no existing records old enough to explain the monuments and relics of the most ancient past.

This much, however, we may deem assured: that the complete order of the universe, in all its degrees, in the least as well as in the greatest things, which is the secret, and also the key to the whole system of Freemasonry, was to a greater or less extent a part of the religion and philosophy of the principal mysteries and priesthoods of the ancient world.

Besides this, that at some time in remote ages, many of the wisest of those ancient fraternities had set up their temples, or tabernacles, throughout all portions of the habitable globe, and under names which we have never heard or read, and by the laws of Geometry, and by representations drawn from natural things, they symbolized the true theism, the order of life and government, and the landmarks of universal religion.

At whatever time the particular society now called Freemasons was organized as to its peculiar work and landmarks, it seems certain that its principal features have existed in all lands and in all ages, so that nothing more ancient or widely spread is to be found among human institutions existing or extinct.

Whether our Institution may be considered as a descendant from any one of the past systems, or has been collected and collated from several of them, or was a contemporary institution which alone has survived the conflicts and changes of the ages, who is able to declare? Yet to each and to all of them it seems to have been somewhat related.

If the sun rising in the East to "open and govern the day" is a significant lesson in the opening of the lodge, we see the same symbolism in the golden emblem blazoned above the high altar in the east of the most holy place; in the temples dedicated to the worship of Montezuma; and in the morning worship of the wise men of the East on the hills of Persia.

If the parallel lines and point within a circle teach in the lodge the course of the sun between the lines of the tropics in his apparent circle in the heavens, and in a higher sense the lines of charity and truth, between which only can we possibly advance to reach and stand upon the centre; the unhewn pillars of the Druids worn with the storms of ages, still mark upon the plains the figures of the same sublime lessons, though empires have risen and disappeared about them since the hands that reared them were dust of the valleys.

If the circumambulation of the craftsman follows the course of the heavenly bodies, the ancient zodiac of Denderah still bears witness that it was so among the Egyptian mystics before the Pharaohs swayed the sceptre of the Nile

If the square and compasses—that is,

the right angle and the equilateral triangles which they contain—are two of the great lights of the lodge to-day, so they were the geometric symbols of matter with its laws and science thereof, and of the first great cause, with its character and worship among the artists and architects of Elephantine and Babylonian temples. If the lodge to-day is opened on the mountain of Moriah, in like manner the temples and groves of Baal, Odin, Aum and Jupiter stood, as that of Jehovah, on the summits of the hills.

If the lion, the ox, the man and the eagle, are blazoned on the banners of the Royal Arch, and together constitute the cherubic standard of Ancient Craft Masoury, we find them among the twelve signs of the ancient zodiac, and set forth in the blessing of the twelve tribes of Jacob, and sculptured combined in the winged bulls of Nineveh, more ancient than the cherubs of the Mosaic tabernacle.

In like manner, the Master's gavel is the great hammer of Thor, the "slaughter weapon" of Ezekiel's vision, and the thunderbolt of Jupiter.

The problem of Pythagoras is still an indispensable figure on the Master's carpet, and is to-day the key to masonic science, as it was when it first bore the inscription, "The Priests of Isis send this to King Solomon."

If the Master and the king sit covered, what is this but the type of the sun crowned with rays on his celestial throne, the visible and representative lord of the universe—the scarlet robe of royalty is but his vestment of glowing fire, and the blue collar with its stars is the circle of the zodiac in the blue heaven, with its twelve constellations.

But more important than these are the analogies between the legends of the Craft and those which severally formed the principal features of the different ancient mysteries.

In all cases, the principal personage represented was the *God of Light*, always the same being, whether called Montezuma, Balder, Osiris, Mithra or Adonis—one who was represented by the sun at high meridian. In every case, the character of this Light god was such that he was well represented by the sun, and the circumstances and incidents of his life and death conform to the facts and conditions of the

natural universe during the changes of the four seasons of the year, and the days which marked the significant changes or positions of the earth and sun respecting each other, as the solstitial and equinoctial days were also the days of festival or mourning observed by those who celebrated the death and rescue of the body.

Principal among the days, Masons observe the summer and winter solstices, as did those in ancient times. It was at the winter solstice that the sun, overcome by cold and darkness, seemed to have succumbed to the wicked and opposing spirit of the evil god of darkness, as Osiris was fabled to be slain by Typhon, Adonis by the wild boar, and Balder by Loke.

It was at the summer solstice, when the sun rode in midsummer power and splendour triumphant on the uttermost limit of the northern tropic, that the most magnificent of the festivals were celebrated in his honour.

If the festival days of the lodge fall three days later in the month than the actual solstice, it is because of the slow change in the earth's position in the ecliptic, which produces what astronomers call the precession of the equinoxes, amounting to about a day in two thousand years—a circumstance that, more than any other, attests the great antiquity of our festivals.

As among the Romans the god Janus (Yahnus) presided over the seasons and opened and closed the gates of the year (from which we derive the word janitor) so in our Institution the two Saints John (Johanus, Yohanus, or Yahanus) preside over the gates of the year—the summer and winter solstices.

But time will not permit the pursuit of these matters further in particulars. Let it suffice to say that the forms of the Craft are representations of the universe and its forms and motions, as much so as the tabernacle of Moses and the great temple of Jerusalem with their furniture, vestments and ceremonies; and these constitute the art of Masonry; but the science of Masonry is the knowledge of the universal order of things, visible and invisible—the correspondence between all that which is external and the more sublime truths of philosophy and religion, which are internal and inmost, as the correspondence between the ground floor, which is external, and the middle chamber, which

is internal, and the Holy of Holies, which is inmost.

There is, however, one thing connected with the masonic lodge which is, and has been, a part of its very furniture, as far back as its history can be traced, and by means of which it differs, so far as we can learn, from all the systems of symbolic philosophy or worship which have existed in the world. And this is, the first great light, which appears not only imbedded in the very centre of the system to-day, so that it could not possibly be removed without unhinging and destroying the whole fabric of the three degrees, but from the place it holds and the manner in which it is treated throughout, and the utter impossibility of providing any substitute in case of its removal, must, of necessity, have been present and incorporated as the centre-piece and key-stone of the work at the beginning.

I know that in some places, under the teachings of certain deistic philosophers, the Holy Writings have been set aside, and the Book of Constitutions substituted as the first great light, and placed upon the altar with the square and compasses, and the lodges so furnished have been opened and closed, and have performed the external ceremonies of the several degrees; but no one can say that the so placing of the Book of Constitutions can make it in any sense a great light, or anything like a substitute for the Holy Writings, unless the whole body of the degrees be so changed as to make it immaterial what is first or last, or else the other two great lights be shorn of their sublime significance, in order to reduce them below that which is made the first. For all lights must, of necessity, be subordinated to that which is first, both in kind and degree.

Since the three degrees of Masonry are so formed and co-ordinated that no portion of one exists except in correlation with that which is contained in both the others, it is manifest that the whole, with all its parts, even to particulars, was contemplated in the beginning.

Since the whole order of the three degrees forbids that there should be less than three great lights, and since the square and compasses are well known to be two of the three, and neither of them the first; and as no other implement or geometric figure can be found which can

be placed before them, it follows that the whole body of mere symbolism is exhausted without including the first great light, and if a first is to be found at all, it must be something more exalted than any symbol whatever; and if so, it must be something which conveys intelligence (light) directly, as writings or inscriptions.

But all human writings are inferior to symbols, both in dignity and force; therefore, if any writings could be found, they must be such as are held to be of divine origin—speaking as from the mouth of the Grand Architect of the Universe himself, and such, and such only, could be placed first in a system which, from beginning to end, sets forth the divine order flowing in harmony through the three indispensable and corresponding degrees of the universe, moral, intellectual and physical.

From these considerations, it is clear to my mind that the Holy Writings, that is, those received as such, whether the same we now recognize, or some portion thereof, or some now lost, were, from the very first creation of a masonic lodge, placed on the altar as the first of three great lights which were to illumine, not the corporeal eye, but the soul and mind of the seeker after wisdom.

It is only by contemplating the lodges so "furnished" that we perceive it in its perfection and also in its completeness. Otherwise, its incompleteness would be apparent to all, and the beauty and richness and order of the work be changed to imperfection, poverty and confusion.

Therefore, let who will deny the character which Masonry ascribes to the Holy Writings, it must still be admitted that it was because they, or some portion of them, were deemed to be of divine origin that they were accepted as the first great light, and this by men who, either by inspiration or otherwise, so far transcended in wisdom all of the learned with whose works we are acquainted, that they were capable of discovering and organizing Ancient Craft Masonry.

These considerations should induce us to pause and reflect before we give up our judgment, with that of all the illustrious line of Masonic Masters who have gone before us, to the clamorous and self-sufficient demands of men who deem their special sciences—that is, what they understand of them—the alpha and omega of the

universe, and themselves the oracular expounders of all hidden things.

Let us reflect that if masonry and its first great light were taken away to-day, there is among them no man, or body of men, who could reconstruct the one in its wisdom and simplicity, or produce anything to be compared with the other, though they were granted the days of a generation to prepare for the work.

There are words which occur in Masonic discourse more frequently than others. They represent three ideas which are of special significance in Masonry. Take away these, and Masonry would be as completely devastated as the temple of Solomon after the Babylonian conquest. These words are, *labour*, *light*, and *harmony*. They correspond to the three great supports, wisdom, strength, and beauty; for strength is that by which labour is effected, wisdom is light, and harmony is beauty, and because the excellence of any institution is the wisdom of its plan, the strength of its materials and the harmony of its parts, by which all beauty exists and consists. These three are called supports.

These three are all drawn from the order of the universe—from the wisdom, strength and harmony of the whole and of all its parts.

The idea of the lodge is work—work by the Master, work by the Wardens, work by the Craftsmen, each according to his degree and station, and according to his *light*. Work in subordinately carrying out the scheme of the universe, which is constant action. Work in imitation of the Grand Architect of all, who is never weary in carrying on the amazing operations of his providence, which is continual creation. Work in accomplishing uses of every conceivable good; uses of wisdom, of charity, of truth, for in their uses only have these, or aught else, any value to heaven or to earth.

Harmony, without which all toil is worse than useless. That which is in harmony is Masonic; it conforms to the divine plan which is ever carried out by bringing order from chaos. Harmony, by which the sun governs by day, and the moon by night; by which creation comes forth in its infinite stages of progress from that formless void, called in the first great light the *tohn bohm*.

And light, that marvellous thing called light! What would the world be without

light! The earth a corpse, floating in the silent abyss, without inhabitant, without production—silent, lifeless, void!

As to man, without the inner light, what better would be his soul or mind? Could anything be more purposeless, worthless or useless?

It is because the sun, which is by its light and heat the soul of the material world, corresponds to the divine presence, with its love and wisdom, that the term light, and no other, can express divine, angelic or human intellectual communication.

Hence the Deity is compared to the sun, as the most adequate expression of his character and attributes as well as his presence, as in these words: "The Father of Lights, with whom is no parallax or shadow of variance."

The search for light is that which has occupied the masonic or philosophic students of all time. And what is light when it is obtained? Is it not, according to its degree, either knowledge, intelligence or wisdom?

But how can these, which are internal, compare with the solar light, which is regarded as external? Let us see. The truth is, as we will find upon examination, they perfectly correspond, for all light is internal.

The common idea is that the solar light is everywhere around us without, like a sea of brightness, filling all space; but the truth is, that all light is in the eye, and nowhere else, just as all sound is in the ear.

The hearing is in the ear, and that is where the sound is, although it seems to be at a distance—the hearing does not go out of the ear to find the sound, but the sound, which is nothing but a motion, enters the ear and affects its nerves, and it is that affection of the nerves in the ear which we call sound.

So with light, the sight does not go out of the eye to the object, but the light, which is another and more subtle motion, enters the eye and affects its nerves, and creates a picture there, and this is called vision. The light and the sound are in the eye and ear, the real hearing and sight are in the mind itself, and so are wholly internal.

It is the same with knowledge, intelligence and wisdom, all of which are called

light; they enter the intellect, the eye of the mind, and form themselves there by affecting it, and it is the same mind which perceives and understands in the one case as in the other.

These considerations serve to show the similarity between physical and intellectual things, and consequently the perfection and truthfulness of the symbolism of Masonry, which is in accordance with the order of nature and is, in fact, more accurate and reliable than any human reasoning without symbolic demonstration can possibly be.

While other ancient and similar institutions have disappeared under the influence of advancing civilization, Ancient Craft Masonry advances and increases most where society has attained its most advanced position. Though it has seen the beginning and end of empires, churches, and even of races, it seems possessed of all the elements of vitality and progress, and spreads its tessellated pavement, and sets up its altars and jewels in the seats of modern learning and refinement, as it did in the days of antiquity on the lonely hills and in the moon-lit valleys of barbaric lands.

Even in this remote and mountain land, where lately was but a wilderness, a Grand Lodge, representing many hundreds of Craftsmen, and those amongst the most enlightened of the world, assembles in due and ancient form, sets up its lights and jewels, unites in the simple but wise and ancient observances taught by kings and prophets in olden lands, and opens and considers messages from half a hundred sister bodies, whose members outnumber the grand army of an empire.

From these mountain gates we can send greetings to our fellows and brothers alike assembled in the capitals of all civilized nations, assuring them that we, too, are searching for the most ancient landmarks, and will maintain the excellent tenets of our Craft with the dignity and honour of our ancient brotherhood, and that we understand how and why the "lambskin," or badge of a Mason, more ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman eagle, is, when worthily worn, more honourable than Star or Garter, or any other badge which king, prince or potentate can bestow, except he be a Mason.

RESPONSE OF THE PILGRIM.

A weary pilgrim by my side,
His staff and sandals laid,
And to my queries quaint, replied,

As thus to him I said :
"Thou seekest aid—thy garb commends
Unto our hearts all pilgrim friends ;
I do not wish to know thy name—
I only ask ye whence ye came ?"

"From where the cypress blossoms bloom,
Upread above the Saviour's tomb ;
Where many a Templar lost his life
Amid the din of battle's strife,
And Infidel did rue the day
The Pilgrim Warrior passed that way.
From where bold Godfrey, valiant Knight,
Did lead the van, in many a fight,
That our true cross might ever wave
In peace above the Saviour's grave.
From John the Saint, blest be his name—
Jerusalem !—from thence I came."

"Art thou a brother—firm and true—
If so, what came ye here to do ?"

"I am a brother. Proud am I
To be one of that mystic tie
That binds us in the bonds of love,
Our truth and friendship thus to prove.
I've crossed the portal, as did you,
My earthly passions to subdue ;
And in the arts to still improve
To fit my soul for realms above.
Entered Apprentice I have been,
Then passed to rank with journeymen ;
As Master, raised with greatest care—
And grip'd a grip both strong and square.
Hard have I toiled in quarries dark,
And graven there my *Master's Mark* ;
Inspection passed—firm, square and true,
As none but Master's work can do.
I've travelled East and filled the chair
Placed by the Orientals there ;
And with companions made the march
Beneath the living Royal Arch ;
With Masters Royal and Select
In Council sat ; and did reflect
Within the chamber by the light,
Before I took my vow of Knight ;
I've stood beside our Hiram's tomb,
When every heart was filled with gloom ;
A Provost and a Judge I've been,
And justice dealt unto all men ;
Intendant, too—I helped to build,
And gave the plans to workmen skilled ;
I am a Knight Elect of Nine,

Of Fifteen, and a Knight Sublime ;
I've sat beneath Perfection's light,
Where the lost word is brought to sight ;
Far in the mysteries I've wrought—
Diligently for love I've sought."

"Then, by thy speech and cunning way,
Thou art a Mason, I should say."

"I heed thy words, and greet thee fair
Upon the level and the square ;
For 'mongst all men who know me well,
For one I'm taken : time will tell
If honoured in their ranks I stand,
Or worthy prove to grasp thy hand.
When years ago, I did them join,
I found a warm hand clasped in mine,
That led me paths I knew the least,
And placed my feet in the North-east.
Since then alone I've worked my way,
Yet willing hearts did by me stay,
And kindly hands were by my side,
Outstretched at once, my aid and guide ;
I am a Mason, and a brother,
And haste to greet thee as another."

"Thou may'st be worthy, a Mason free,
But how dost know thyself to be ?"

"Mine age you see in falt'ring limb,
My feeble footsteps, eyesight dim,
My straggling hairs, long turned to grey,
For fourscore years have passed away,
Last of my race—the only one—
All those who raised me dead and gone.
But lessons taught me still will last
Until I'm numbered with the past ;
*For knowledge learned by years of toil
Is ne'er forgot ; it is the oil
That feeds the lamp and gives the light
That serves to make the Mason bright ;*
And though I often have been tried,
I never once have been denied."

"Denied, thou never yet may be,
But how wilt prove thyself to me ?"

"I have the sign, as well as token,
The proof—'tis plain—a columb broken,
A weeping virgin by its side—
The point and circle for my guide—
An eye that everything can see—
An emblem in the letter 'G'—
Level and plumb, unerring square—
Those jewels that most precious are—
Trowel and compass, Holy Writ,
And lesser lights that round it flit—
All these I have, and many more,
Whereby the craftsmen set great store."

“Speed on thy journey, pilgrim wan ;
 I’m satisfied—pass on—pass on !
 Here, fill thy scrip with goodly food,
 And wine to cheer thine aged blood,
 For gold and silver have I none,
 But what I have is all thine own.
 May every brother thou dost meet
 Extend to thee a friendly greet,
 And when thy soul’s to Maker given,
 And thou art summoned home to heaven,
 May he who tyles the gate above
 Be satisfied thy truth to prove.
 At His right hand then may’st thou rest,
 A favoured one among the blest ;
 For are we not in Scripture told,
 In words more precious far than gold ;

‘Be thou faithful till the last,
 Wheresoe’r thy lot shall be,
 And when thy pilgrimage is past,
 A crown of life I’ll give to thee.’”

W. L. GARDNER, 14°.

[We publish the above, which has much poetic merit, though we do not profess to belong to the high grades. The teaching embodied in this poem is, of course, that of the Christian Orders.—Ed.]

MURIEL HALSIE.

(Continued from page 331.)

Early in June scarlet fever broke out amongst the children in the villages around Hillside, and Mrs. Forbes, in terror lest her little flock should be attacked, dispatched them all, governess and nurses, to Rocksend, a small fishing-village on the Welsh coast, for the summer months. It was a healthy place, but very lonely ; nestling at the foot of one high cliff, a second on the left seemed to shut the place away from the rest of the world ; while the sea at high tide flowed close to its one narrow street—so close that on stormy days the waves looked as though they would engulf it. *Endy Bay*, with its beautiful sands and wide sea view, was on the other side of the cliffs, and, being easily accessible, made a glorious playground for the happy children, while the bracing air brought a healthy glow to their faces. Nor were the little ones alone benefited ; Muriel’s pale cheeks were tinged with colour, and her eyes were bright and had lost their former care-worn look ; altogether she had improved by the change and freedom from anxiety.

One lovely evening in July Muriel stood on the rough pebbly beach, at the farthest end of the village street. The sea was almost calm and still, the small wavelets making sweet, murmuring music, while overhead, in a cloudless sky, shone the summer moon, throwing bars of gleaming silver light across the rippling waters. Far away in the uncertain distance was a ship, her white sails all spread to catch the rising breeze ; on the left towered the lighthouse cliff, with its friendly beacon of warning and hope, while farther on the ruins of *Endycourt Castle* showed clear against the luminous background of moonlight sky. Down by the water’s edge a few fishermen, assisted by their wives, were busy preparing their boats for a fishing expedition, their merry voices, as they rang out on the still air, lending life to the scene. The sharp clang of the church clock striking nine roused Muriel from her reverie ; with one parting look she hurried away.

Sounds of boisterous merriment came from the parlour as she reached home.

“The children not in bed !” she exclaimed. “What can nurse be thinking of.”

On opening the door, the cause of the children’s boisterous mirth speedily became apparent. “Uncle Eric” was on the floor performing the part of refractory donkey to the laughing *Gustavus*, while the little girls stood by, dancing with amusement.

“Oh, Miss Halsie, such fun !” they shouted in chorus. “Uncle Eric is pretending to be a donkey—and he does kick so !”

Eric started to his feet as he heard the little girl’s exclamation, and there was a deep flush on his face as he came forward to greet Muriel. Was it from stooping, or from shame at being caught in so humiliating a posture ?

Muriel’s manner was cool and dignified.

“I trust that nothing unpleasant has brought you to Rocksend ?” she said, after the first greeting. “Is Mrs. Forbes well ?”

“I believe so,” he answered. “My brother and his wife have gone to Scotland with some friends ; and my father, finding it dull at Hillside without the children, determined to come here for a little change.”

“I am afraid you will find this place even duller than Hillside,” said Muriel—

"there is no society here;" then, to the children, who were teasing their uncle for more play—"No, no, children, not to-night. You must go to bed, or you will not be ready for a game on the sands in the morning."

"We are to have breakfast with grandpa," cried Gustavus—"uncle Eric has come to ask us."

"Yes," said Eric, preparing to take his departure, "my father will be happy if you will breakfast with him to-morrow at nine o'clock. What answer am I to take him, Miss Halsie; will you come?"

"Certainly. If Mr. Forbes wishes me to bring the children to breakfast, it is my duty to do so. Have you taken lodgings, or are we to come to the village inn?"

"Hotel," corrected Eric, with a smile,—"hotel, Miss Halsie—there are no inns. We have taken apartments at the Rocks-end Family Hotel; no doubt," he added, gaily, "you will see our arrival announced in the Saturday local paper—E. A. Forbes, Esq., and son."

"I am sceptical on that point," said Muriel, laughing, "Rocks-end is too primitive a place for the luxury of a newspaper."

"Newspapers a luxury?"

"Not to you, perhaps, Mr. Forbes, but, to poor fishermen, who can neither read nor write, they are a very useless one," explained Muriel; and turning to the children, she added, "Come, little ones, say good night to your uncle quickly; these are unconscionable hours for small folk."

"And grandpapa will be waiting for his tea," exclaimed uncle Eric, accepting his dismissal, and disengaging himself from the children's clinging hands. "Good night, good night, my pets; be off to bed, or you will not be up in time to breakfast with grandpapa. I am afraid I have given you a troublesome task, to calm those wild little sprites," he said gently, as he pressed Muriel's unwillingly offered hand. "Pray forgive me."

She bowed coldly, and, turning from him, followed her charges upstairs.

* * * * *

"Well," questioned old Mr. Forbes, looking up from his paper as his son entered the inn parlour,—“well, did you see the senora, and make the arrangement for to-morrow morning?”

"Yes, they are coming," answered Eric,

dropping into a chair by the open window.

"You must have had a long gossip, judging by the time you have been gone."

"I have had a long romp with the cubs," said Eric. "Miss Halsie was out when I reached Seabeach Villas; and as nobody could tell which way she had taken, I was, perforce, obliged to wait her return. I scarcely said a dozen words to her. Father," he exclaimed, suddenly springing from his chair and pacing the room—"father, it's of no use; I had better make up my mind to marry Cecilia's paragon of earthly perfection, Lucy Standish, or, better still, settle quietly down into bachelorhood. After all, I believe it's the best life."

"Why will you not take my advice? Propose; there is nothing lost by trying."

"And be refused *instantly*," muttered Eric, moodily.

"Well, do as you please; only make the best you can of this opportunity; you are not likely to get another so favourable."

Eric shrugged his broad shoulders, and continued to walk up and down till the servant appeared with the tea-tray.

"Are you going to take some tea?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"No," replied his son, petulantly; "I hate tea."

"I prefer the ladies' brewing to my own, certainly," replied the old gentleman, smiling. "Perhaps you would like the paper? I have done with it."

"Nothing in it, I suppose," growled the younger man, taking it up.

"There is a piece of news in it that will please you, I think, if you will take the trouble to find it."

"What is it?" enquired Eric, twisting the paper about aimlessly.

"Old Wellwood is dead at last; so your friend, Captain Ferroll, will come in for the estate. Not a poor one by any means!"

"Lucky Percy! I wonder what quarter of this abominable old world contains him! I don't know any fellow I could have liked better; but he has been married to somebody since I used to know him, and that alters a man so. I wonder who is his wife?"

"I can enlighten you," replied Mr. Forbes—"on one condition; that is, that

you do not take Miss Halsie into your confidence."

"Pshaw! Who is it?" returned his son, with an impatient gesture.

"His wife is Miss Halsie's sister."

"No!"

"It is a fact, my boy. Here is the paper; you can see for yourself."

"Then I suppose we shall shortly hear of Miss Halsie's leaving?"

"Not just yet; the news has to travel to India first, and then the Ferrolls will have to travel home. Oh, I will give you till Christmas or the new year; but there is no need of undue haste now. Cecilia's objections will all be removed when she sees this," and the old gentleman tapped the paper with his spectacles, and laughed delightedly.

"We are the only people up in the house. Had we not better be off to bed?"

"Sensible advice, lad! You are much too crusty just now to be an agreeable companion; if you are not more amiable in the morning, I'm afraid the senora will get but poor amusement at breakfast."

For answer, Mr. Eric took his candle and stalked out of the room; while Mr. Forbes chuckled to himself as he followed his son's footsteps.

* * * * *

To the grievous sorrow of the children, "Uncle Eric" did not appear at the breakfast-table—he had gone for a sail. Was it due to his absence that Muriel's face was so bright, her laugh so gay and ringing? Mr. Forbes wondered. He had never seen her look "so blithe, so bonny."

"You look as if you had heard good news, Miss Halsie," remarked the old gentleman as they sat "discussing" breakfast.

"Not exactly," she said, "but it will come by-and-bye. I saw the announcement of Mr. Wellwood's death in the paper, just now; that will bring Captain Ferroll home, and my sister Christie."

The brown eyes were full of tears, the soft, flexible mouth was wreathed in smiles; it was a sweet April face—shadow on the mountain, sun in the valley.

"So you are rejoicing in the thought of bidding us all good-bye," observed Mr. Forbes, reproachfully.

"No," she said, shaking her head—"only in the thought of seeing my sister."

After breakfast the party adjourned to the sands, where the children usually spent the morning in play; but Muriel was restless—she could not sit quietly and work or read as was her wont—she wanted to be alone with her newly found joy—she wanted to think out the future, wondering if three years of Indian life had altered Christie.

She sauntered up to where the nurse was sitting with the younger children. "Nurse," she said, "I am going to explore the 'Mermaid's Archway;' if I am not back by one o'clock, take the children home to dinner, and I will follow you."

"Very well, miss," answered nurse; then as Muriel turned away, she added, "the tide is nearly an hour earlier to-day."

"I will not forget," said Muriel, nodding good-bye to the children.

Mermaid's bay was a small and very dangerous strip of sand, separated from Endy Bay by a huge, projecting rock, that jutted out some distance into the sea; it was accessible only at low water, and seldom frequented by any but adventurous tourists or poor mussel-gatherers. Sailors studiously avoided it, as being the point of especial danger along that dangerous coast; for many a stately ship's crew had found a grave on the pitiless rocks of Endy Bay. It was a wild, lonely spot, shut in by impassable rockstone, of every variety of shape and size, in one place clustering together in fantastic confusion, in another scattered singly, or in small groups.

"What do they look like?" exclaimed Muriel, as she made her way carefully over them. "I am tempted to believe the old fish-wife's story that they really are petrified sea-monsters. Ah, there are the Arches! Nature has indeed hidden her wonders in strange places."

On a strip of blue bright-coloured sand stood seven clearly-defined well-shaped arches, at nearly equal distances apart. Looking through them, the spectator could imagine himself standing amid the ruins of some grand ancient cathedral, or the days when there were "giants in the land." The arches were quite away from the sea undercliff—standing sideways, not facing it, the farther arch bent a little inward, half leaning against the side of the rock.

"How wonderful!" murmured Muriel.

"What an inextricable mass of confusion all around, yet such perfect uniformity here!"

Seating herself on a broad slab of rock that lay conveniently near, she gazed out over the waters, sparkling in the noonday sun.

"That is the sea Christie will cross," so ran her thoughts; "oh, may it be calm and smooth as now, when the ship that bears her to me sails on its broad bosom! Imagine a ship on these rocks! How they would batter and rend her wooden sides! Imagine the crew tossed on these sharp, jagged rocks! No, no, I will not think of such horrors—I will think only of Christie and Percy. Oh, Christie, my darling, what will you say when you receive the news? I shall have four weeks more of joyful hoping than you will."

Thus she allowed her thoughts to ramble on in happy musing; the monotonous music of the sea aided her dreaming, lulled her to forgetfulness, and then to sleep.

* * * * *

"I was dreaming of the sea!" The voice was Muriel's—a low, sleepy voice—but no one was near to hear it; and her eyes unclosed as she sprang to her feet. "Why, how near the sea seems! How shall I get back again?"

How indeed! The only point of egress was covered by the waves. She was shut away from help by sixty feet of unscalable rock. In another quarter of an hour her feet were wet. Something she must do; she could not stand there to wait for death. Mounting on some of the larger blocks of stone, she succeeded, after several unsuccessful attempts, in climbing to the top of the leaning arch. It gave her foothold, that was all; and she felt that it would be impossible to stand there any length of time; besides she was not hopeful that it was beyond the tide mark. Looking around, she discovered a projection above her in the cliff. There, at least, was a chance of safety, but how to reach the ledge? She turned away in despair; it was impossible. Sick and giddy with horror, she stood waiting, watching the waves dash against the rough pillars of the arch, wreathing them round with shiny seaweed, and then glide away, only to return with renewed force.

Muriel covered her white face with her hand.

"If only *he* were here!" fell from her terror-blanching lips. "It must—it shall be reached!" she cried, presently, rousing herself by a violent effort, and fixing her eyes on the ledge above her head. "I cannot die like this, without an effort to save myself!"

The ledge was reached; how, Muriel could never explain. With death staring her in the face, she had acted desperately.

* * * * *

"What have you done with your 'dear sweet?'" The questioner was Mr. Eric Forbes; the questioned one his niece, Miss Ceci, who was busily engaged in burying a discarded doll deep in the sands.

The little lady took no notice, so the question was repeated, in another form.

"Where is Miss Halsie, Ceci?"

"Gone for a walk, Eric. And now please go; people never talk at burials."

Much amused, he sauntered away to another part of the sands. Mr. Forbes came hurrying towards him, Gustavus and Agnes clinging to either hand.

"Eric," said Mr. Forbes, drawing his son aside, "nurse tells me that Miss Halsie left her this morning, to explore the 'Mermaid's Archway,' a dangerous point round the rock yonder. There is but one way of access to it, and that only at low tide. Nurse warned her of the danger, but _____"

"How long has she been gone?" asked his son, growing white to the lips.

"It was about eleven when she started; now they can do nothing till the tide is out again. I never was so horrified as when they told me. "She may be——," but the old gentleman broke off suddenly.

"And they never thought of her before this!" cried Eric, passionately. "She may be dead!" Turning from his father with a wild exclamation, he darted off across the sands in the direction of the village.

Does time ever play the traitor, and stand still? It seemed so to Mr. Forbes, as, after consigning the children to the care of their nurse, he paced up and down, awaiting the return of his son. Half an hour had barely elapsed when he returned, accompanied by an old boatman and his two sons, provided with ropes.

"Have you found a way to get to the bay?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"I tell the gent there's nought for't but to wait out the tide," said the boatman.

"There's ne'er a place along the rocks to the Arches, 'cept through th' opening under the water."

"And we are to stand here, like stocks and stones, without lending a helping hand, while a woman drowns!" exclaimed Eric, fiercely. "I will not do it! You say the inn below has a boat; I will get it, and make at least an attempt to save her, or———" He rushed off without concluding the sentence.

"Eric! Eric!" cried his father, "don't be rash! Wait; the tide is going out fast."

A backward wave of the hand was the only answer, as Eric ran on.

"Don't be afeerd, sir! I'll foller the gent. Bill, Jack, thee bide here. I'll whistle if I wants either on the."

In front of the inn, some distance down the beach, the old boatman found Eric, surrounded by several people, who were trying to dissuade him from attempting to enter Mermaid's Bay with a boat.

"If the young lady is safe, another half hour or so can't make much difference," the landlord said. "If she is dead, why, 'tis useless risking your life for nought."

"I ask none of you to risk your lives," said Eric. "Get me the boat; I am as good a seaman as any of you, and my life is my own, to do as I please with."

"No it baint," called a woman, standing by. "Just think o' yer wife and them children."

"This is unbearable!" cried Eric, stamping his foot. "Twenty—thirty pounds to any one who will launch me the boat."

At that moment a hand was laid on his shoulders, and Dan, the old boatman, spoke his name.

"What is it? What do you want?" asked Eric, excitedly.

Dan drew him away from the little group, down to the water's edge.

"Sir," he said, "listen to an old man, and wait; half-an-hour more, at most, will leave the entrance clear enough for we sailors to pass. Whatever have a happened have a happened. Where's the sense o' yer killing yerself for naught? No boat can stand the bumping o' the rocks; her bottom would be stove in in less than no time. None that I ever knowed on, ever came out o' that bay, that went in!"

Eric turned his gaze slowly from the sea, and faced the man.

"Do you see that sun?" he said, point-

ing to the western sky, streaked with bars of amber and rose.

"Ay, sure," replied Dan, wonderingly.

"If it never rose again the world would not be as dark as my life will be without the girl who is yonder. Now do you say wait?"

"Sir," cried the old man, stretching out his hand towards the rocky headland — "sir, if my own girl lay drowning there I should say, 'Wait and hope.'" Then he added quietly, "God knows I can feel for yer! A seaman's life is full o' parting. My father and three brothers went down in my sight, and I could give the poor fellows no help. I landed only to find my lass gone, an' they two—lads then, sir—in the workus. I know summat o' trouble, sir; so you may e'en trust me. The moment we can start safely, we will start. Yer honour believes me?"

With a groan half of anger, half of despair, Eric threw himself down on the sands, burying his face in his arms. Visions of Muriel floated through his mind not in bright, glowing beauty, but pale and still in death, with sea-grasses twined among the dishevelled dark hair; but even such thoughts of his darling were faint and indistinct; suspense had almost paralyzed his faculties.

The half hour dragged itself slowly along; Time's chariot wheels seemed clogged with the weight of years. The waves kept up their continuous chant as they rolled up the sands, each less high than the preceding, until, spent with their futile efforts to overstep the bounds they might not pass, they dropped sullenly back into their rocky bed, there to recruit their shattered forces, and gain fresh strength for another essay that would be as vain as the last.

The waters gradually ebbed away, leaving the entrance to Mermaid's Bay to the watchers. Fear-oppressed were the hearts that crossed the rocky threshold. The fisherman's sons, used to the rough walking, took the lead, and hastened across to the arches. For a few minutes their search was fruitless, then one, in looking up, caught sight of a woman's shawl half hanging over a projecting ledge; it was quickly reached by the agile lad, a loud huzzah proclaimed the lost found, and in a few minutes more Eric held in his arms Muriel, wet, unconscious, but living still.

(To be continued.)

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

By the kind permission of Bro. W. J. Hughan, we are enabled to give this scarce and interesting "brochure," for the information of our readers who may not have seen the Memorials of the Union.

A SERIOUS AND IMPARTIAL
ENQUIRY

Into the Cause of the present Decay of
F R E E - M A S O N R Y
IN THE
Kingdom of IRELAND.

Humbly address'd to all the BRETHREN Accepted of before and since the *Constitutions*,
To which are added,

Such Instructive Remarks as may be found
useful to revive the Honour of that
ANTIEN T CRAFT.

As likewise, by way of APPENDIX, will be inserted the OLD and NEW REGULATIONS of the *London* CONSTITUTIONS, by the Consent and Approbation of the GRAND-LODGE of *Ireland*, and Dedicated to the Right Worshipful and Right Hon. the Lord Viscount ALLEN, Grand-Master of this Kingdom.

The Whole adorned with a Curious Copper-Plate suitable to the Order and Design.

BY FIFIELD DASSIGNY, M.D.,
Author of the Impartial Answer to the Enemies of FREE-MASONS.

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To the Most Noble and Puissant PRINCE
TRUTH.

Dread Sir,

YOUR excellent Wisdom in distinguishing Sincerity from Falshood, in discovering the Base and Impure from the Generous and Brave, emboldens me at this Time to lay before your Feet the following Enquiry; nor will I doubt your Royal Favour, since I have endeavoured to preserve those lasting and unalterable Principles which the Subjects of your Kingdom

so remarkably possess; and notwithstanding that the deepest Arts have been contriv'd, the most subtile Machinations formed to overpower and destroy your Territories, to punish and oppress your stedfast and faithful Servants, you have hitherto had the pleasure to reflect, that all their barbarous and wicked Contrivances have met with a just Disappointment: Nay, Time, that general Depopulator of all other Provinces, hath shown so eminent a Regard to your Government, that it hath brought to light the cruel Intentions of your Enemies, whereby you have been able to overturn their iniquitous Schemes; and as the Palm-tree, tho' depressed, with greater Glory Shone.

Thus may you live, most noble Prince, inheriting the Virtues and Honours of your Ancestors, insomuch that Tyranny, Faction, and Depravity of Nature, may at all Seasons submit, and pay due homage to your Power. I am,

Dread Sir,

*Your faithful Subject
and Servant,*

The AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

NO government can properly subsist without certain wholesome laws and regulations, and as our commonwealth not only pleads the pride of antiquity, but with equal justice boasts of the beauty, order, regularity, and happy disposition of its fundamental constitutions, and as the happiness of the craft also depends on a perfect intimacy with those rules handed down to us by our wise legislators, whose labours and skill, in the everlasting art of Architecture, will demand the praise and admiration of the learned brethren in future ages, I have endeavoured in the following sheets to represent some mistakes, irregularities, and unseemly transactions, which have been occasioned by the want of an acquaintance with them, nor will the brethren, I hope, take it a miss, (as I have chose Truth for my patron) that I should strictly adhere to its principles, and point out the base and impure from the generous and brave: neither is it to be wendered at, that there are some of the former disposition amongst us, since experience evidently convinces that in all sects of men some impious and turbulent spirits appear, whose unlawful actions ought

rather to be exposed than concealed, that they themselves may see their evil deeds in a proper light, and turn from their iniquities: where such may be found belonging to our order, I have attempted, by cordial advice, to admonish and rouse them up from their fallen-state insomuch that they may not at any time wander from the paths of virtue, but enjoy fully with the true brethren the lasting relish of its ever pleasing fountain. Then will they meet with the reward of their Labours, be countenanced and approved of by their lords and masters, and like profitable and worthy servants meet with a general esteem from all mankind.

THE old and new regulations of the London constitutions have, by the worshipful secretary, been carefully transcribed and adapted to the regulations of the Grand Lodge of this kingdom, which will prove of general use to the brethren, who may hereafter have the honour of becoming members of that August assembly, and that my attempts to increase their welfare may not be fruitless, but meet with the intended success, I heartily implore from him alone who is able to grant my boon, and from whom I also crave that perfectness, plenty, peace, and unanimity, may crown the brethren's days, so that this life ended, they may receive the recompence of their toils, and dwell in the presence of that immortal stone belonging to our building, even the *Alpha* and *Omega* of our redemption.

—
A SERIOUS AND IMPARTIAL
ENQUIRY

Into the Cause of the present Decay of
FREE-MASONRY.

Brethren,

IT is with the utmost anxiety of mind that I have any occasion to employ my pen in representing the decay of Freemasonry; the increase of its welfare and advancement would have been a more pleasing task to me, but as the design of the present labour is to promote the latter, I shall proceed to make the following enquiries.

First, When or at what time the craft of Freemasonry was instituted.

Secondly, The cause or motive of its Institution.

Thirdly, The qualities or principles of the Craft.

Fourthly, The benefits arising from a strict observance of the principles thereof.

In order to solve the first question, 'twill be necessary to trace antiquity, even unto its infant state, and take a view of our parent *Adam* in his sylvan lodge, where the Almighty Architect imprinted on the very tablets of his heart the amazing symmetry and silent harmony of Geometrical proportion—with these principles our Prirogenitor readily instructed his offspring, well knowing that they were absolutely essential to the discovery of the secret powers of nature, into whose adamant gates, when once entered, we are struck with admiration at the wisdom, strength and beauty of its great Creator. *Cain*, inspired with his father's knowledge, soon erected a fair city and called it after the name of his eldest son *Enoch*, whose posterity daily improved in the discovery and cultivation of various arts, as the way of working in metal, the surprising harmony and modulation of sounds in musick, husbandry, tent-making, and formation of structures in stone and timber. *Enoch* (who by gift of prophecy foretold the deluge, and that great day yet to come of final conflagration) formed two pillars, the one made of brick, the other of stone, whereon he engraved the liberal arts and sciences, in order to preserve them from the implacable fury of the mighty waters, or the irresistible force of elements on fire.

Noah and his three sons, by the skill they had in geometrical masonry, and by the power of divine inspiration, built for themselves and their families a wooden world, which saved the faithful from the impending destruction.

In *Shinar's* plain the masons next appeared, who fraught with vain ambitious views of forming unto themselves a name, laid the foundation of *Babel's* stupendous tower which they intended should reach the summit of *Aether's* wide expanse; but the Omniscient Power (whose edicts none dare dispute) thought it necessary to curb the pride of haughty man, and marr their grand design, for when they had rais'd the building to a prodigious height, having spent 53 years labour therein, he caused their lips to loose their usual sounds, and made each language flow in confus'd terms: yet still the faithful preserved their sacred mysteries, and formed a compact amongst

themselves to hand them down to their successors, which valuable priviledges we are possessors of at this time.

The confusion of tongues did not obstruct the improvement of the royal art; for *Nimrod* who founded the *Assyrian* monarchy, built after the general dispersion many famous cities, as *Ninevah*, *Rhohoboth*, &c., upon the *Tygris* and *Euphrates* flourished afterwards many learned men, known by the names of *Magi* and *Chaldees*, who being skillful in mathematicks preserved and adorned that excellent science Geometry, which in succeeding ages became the favourite of royalty and nobility. But of these premises the Craft will receive a clearer information in a formed Lodge. So likewise did the descendants of *Shem*, *Ham* and *Japhet* in their respective colonies, viz. in *Asia*, *Africa* and *Europe*, give undeniable testimonies of their masterly designs, which are sufficient vestiges to demonstrate their skill in Masonry. But of these the *Assyrians* and *Egyptians* made the greatest progress, as *Babylon's* stately walls and the famous *Pyramids* of the latter most evidently prove, and so distinguishable was the early taste and genius of that ancient kingdom, that they were justly styled two of the seven wonders of the universe.

The glorious temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus* next engages our admiration, which was finished by those excellent Master Masons *Dresiphon* and *Archiphron*, and bears the name of the third wonder; nor shall the tomb of *Mausolus* king of *Caria* be passed over in silence, which together with the temple of *Babylon*, the famous light house, or tower of *Pharos*, and the colossus at *Rhodes*, claim characters not inferior to the rest.

The learned *Abraham* instructed his sons in the *Assyrian* learning, who made no great figure in Architecture while under *Pharaoh's* cruel yoke, or during their peregrination in the desarts of *Arabia*, until the inspired *Aholiab* and *Bazaleel* erected a most glorious tabernacle which afterwards proved the model of *Solomon's* temple, according to the pattern which God gave *Moses* in the mount, who then became the Grand Master Mason of the Lodge at *Israel*, and imparted to the Brethren such wise charges and orders, that they daily advanced in the art of Geometry and even excelled the *Canaanites*; yet *Dagon's* temple, or the most beautiful structures of

Tyre and *Sidon* could not equal that stupendous and finished piece, the Temple of the Eternal God, built by the peculiar influence of heaven, under the direction of that ever memorable Prince of peace and Architecture king *Solomon*, Grand Master of the Lodge at *Jerusalem*, whose father *David* was deprived of that immortal honour because he was unhappily engaged in wars, and seemed fond of destruction, whereby his hands were oft polluted with innocent blood.

This gorgeous and splendid edifice, fit for the special refulgence of the Almighty Glory must transcend the utmost bounds of our imagination, for it certainly was the most curious piece of masonry that ever yet appeared or ever will upon earth; wherefore 'tis natural to believe, that such a beautifull structure soon engaged artists from all nations to view the excellency of the work, which was carried on by the wisdom and dexterity of the learned *Hiram*, Grand Master of the Lodge of *Tyre*, who together with the inspired *Hiram abif*, Master of the work, without the noise of tools, produced the most perfect pattern of Architecture the wonder and amazement of the travelling world.

Masonry, soon after the erection of *Solomon's* temple became in a most flourishing condition, and the artists employed in that grand work dispersed themselves thro' all the neighbouring nations, where they instructed the free-born sons of eminent persons in this useful and liberal art, inso-much that kings, princes, and potentates, became Grand Masters in their respective territories; and being filled with the glorious spirit of emulation, they strove to excell each other in improving and advancing the Royal Art.

This wonderful model of workmanship the Temple, in 416 years after being finished, felt the dreadful effects of warlike rage, and by the absolute and despotick power of that grand monarch *Nebuchadnezzar* was reduced to ashes; and tho' after a general peace proclaimed, his heart relented and he studied with the utmost diligence the rules of Architecture, and raised several stately piles, yet were they vastly inferior in the sublime perfection of masonry to the sacred and amiable Temple of God, which still remained inimitable.

In the reign of grand *Cyrus* the *Jews*, who were carried captives to *Babylon*, on

their return to *Jerusalem* laid the foundation of the second Temple, but that monarch dying before it was finished, the capstone was put on in the sixth year of *Darius* king of *Persia*, and was dedicated with joy and many large sacrifices by *Zerubbabel*, their prince, and general master mason; and tho' this stupendous fabric came infinitely short of the elegance and order of *Solomon's* temple, yet as it was raised exactly upon his foundation, and according to his model, it must be allowed to be a most regular symmetrical and glorious edifice, as the enemies of the *Jews* have frequently testified.

At length the royal art was carried into *Greece* whose inhabitants erected several noble structures, as the citadel of *Athens*, the temples of *Minerva*, *Theseus*, *Jupiter Olympius*, with many other publick halls, palaces, forums, gymnasiums, &c., do sufficiently witness, yet did they not arrive to any considerable knowledge in Geometry until *Thales Milesius*, and his scholar the greater *Pythagorus* appeared, who proved the author of the 47th proposition of *Euclid's* first book; which if rightly understood is the foundation of all Masonry sacred, civil, and military.

Geometry after *Pythagorus* became the darling study of *Greece*, and many learned philosophers arose, who invented sundry propositions and reduced them to the use of the mechanical arts; nor is it to be doubted but Masonry kept pace with that science, or rather followed it in gradual improvements, until the admirable *Euclid* of *Tyre* flourished at *Alexandria*, under the patronage of *Ptolomeus* king of *Ægypt*, who gathered up its scattered elements, and digested into a method not yet excelled, for which laborious undertaking his name will always meet with renown, and his memory be ever green amongst us.

The next king of *Ægypt*, *Ptolomeus Philadelphus*, was a great improver of the liberal arts, as well as of all useful knowledge, who having collected the most curious library upon earth, he caused the old testament to be translated into *Hebrew*, and became an excellent Architect and General Master Mason.

We have no reason to scruple but that the *African* nations, even unto the *Atlantic* shore, did soon imitate *Ægypt's* improvements, altho' history gives us no light

therein, and travellers have not met with encouragement to discover the valuable remains of Masonry in those once renowned nations.

The learned isle of *Sicily* demands our remembrance, for their flourished that prodigious Geometrician *Archimedes*, and the ancient *Romans* were obliged to that island, as well as to *Greece*, *Ægypt*, and *Asia*, for their knowledge both in the science and in the art; for when they subdued nations mighty discoveries appeared, and the eminent professors were led captives to *Rome*, which then became the centre of learning, and of imperial power, until the reign of *Augustus Caesar* they advanced to their zenith of glory, at which time the Messiah came, who proved the great Architect of the church, and caused the uneasy multitude to taste delicacies of lovely quiet, and to enjoy the pleasing advantages of humble peace. In this happy state the Craft had many opportunities in making improvements, and giving due encouragement to their dexterous artists whose learned scholars and pupils, but particularly the great *Vitruvius* the father of all true Architects, erected several sumptuous buildings, which are the standard of Masonry at this day.

Therefore it is rationally believed, that the great *Augustus*, who patronized *Vitruvius*, and promoted the welfare of the fellow Craftsmen was the Grand Master of the Lodge at *Rome*, as appears by the many magnificent structures of his reign, which are an epitome of the *Asiatic*, *Ægyptian*, *Grecian*, and *Sicilian* Architecture; and which we often express by the name of the *Augustan* style, altho' as yet we are only imitators thereof not having arrived to its perfection.

From the beginning of the world the antient records of Masons afford indisputable proofs, that when the civil powers shewed an abhorrence to tyranny and slavery, and the bright and free genius of the Craftsmen had due scope, that then above all other artists they were the favourites of the most eminent who protected them in order to carry on their grand undertakings. Nor should it be forgotten that all Craftsmen, who work by Geometrical Rules of building, deserved to be called good Masons as well painters, statuaries, as stone cutters, bricklayers, carpenters, &c. tho' no age hath since been adorned

with a man so well versed in cunning in all parts of Masonry, as the renowned *Hiram abif*.

While the *Roman* empire continued in its glory, the Royal art was carefully propagated, even to the *Ultima Thule* and a lodge erected in almost every *Roman* garrison, whereby they generally communicated their cunning to the nothern and western parts of *Europe*, which had grown barbarous before the *Roman* conquest; there being but few remains of good Masonry before that period.

But when the *Goths* and *Vandals* who had never been conquered by the *Romans*, like a general deluge overspread the *Roman* empire, with warlike rage and gross ignorance, few of their finished edifices escaped from being either defaced or totally destroyed.

The *Asiatic* and *African* nations, felt the weight of the same calamity by the conquest of the *Mahometans*, who in stead of cultivating the arts and sciences, designed to convert the world by the cruel method of fire and sword.

Thus upon the declension of the *Roman* empire, when the *British* garrisons were raised, the *Angles* and other lower *Saxons* being invited by the antient *Britons* to come over and help them against the *Scots* and *Picts*, who being related to the *Goths* or rather a sort of *Vandals*, possessed with the same warlike disposition and heathenish ignorance, encouraged nothing but war until they were converted into christianity, when they had cause to lament, tho' too late, the gross ignorance of their fathers in the loss of *Roman* Masonry, which they knew not how to repair. But becoming a free people (as the old *Saxon* laws testify) and having a disposition for Masonry, they soon began to imitate the *Asiatics*, *Grecians*, and *Romans*, in erecting of Lodges, and giving encouragement to Masons, being taught not only from the faithful tradition and valuable remains of the *Britons* but even by foreign princes, in whose dominions the Royal Art hath been much preserved from *Gothic* ruins; particularly by *Charles Martell* king of *France*, who according to the old records of Masonry, sent over several expert Craftsmen and learned Architects into *England*, at the request of the *Saxon* kings, so that during the Heptarchy the *Gothic* Architecture was as much encouraged here as in other christian lands.

And tho' the invasion of the *Danes* occasioned the loss of some records, yet many venerable *Gothic* buildings remained; and after the *Saxons* and *Danes* were conquered by the *Normans*, *Gothic* Masonry was mightily encouraged even by *William* the conqueror, who built the tower of London, and many strong castles and religious edifices. His son *William Rufus* also built *Westminster Hall*, which is reputed to be the largest room upon earth.

Nor did the *Barons* wars or those of the subsequent *Norman* kings, and their contending branches, in any great measure hinder the clergy, or those who enjoy'd large revenues, from raising sumptuous and lofty buildings, for king *Edward III.* had an officer called the kings Free Mason, who was employed to survey all his buildings and did erect several abbeys, &c. but for the better instruction of candidates and younger Brethren, a certain record of Free Masonry, written in the reign of king *Edward IV.* gives the following authentick account, viz. "That tho' the
" antient records of the Brootherhood in
" *England* were many of them destroyed
" in the wars of the *Saxons* and *Danes*,
" yet king *Athelstan* (the grandson of king
" *Alfred* the great a mighty architect) the
" first annointed king of *England*, and
" who translated the holy Bible into the
" *Saxon* tongue when he had brought the
" land into rest and peace, built many
" great works, and encouraged many Ma-
" sons from *France*, who were appointed
" overseers thereof, and brought with them
" the charges and regulations of the Lodges
" preserved since the *Roman* times who
" also prevailed with the king to improve
" the constitution of the Lodges, according
" to the foreign model, and to increase the
" wages of working Masons. "That the
" said kings youngest son, prince *Edwin*,
" being taught Masonry, and taking upou
" him the charges of a Master Mason for
" the love he had for the said Craft, and
" the honourable principles whereon it is
" grounded, purchased a Charter of king
" *Athelstan*, his father, for the Masons
" having a correction amongst themselves
" (as it was antiently expressed) or a free-
" dom and power to regulate themselves,
" to amend what might happen amiss, and
" to hold a yearly communication and
" general assembly.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESSING MASON.

J. C. D. HOLT.

Working onward, climbing upward,
Such the Mason's mystic art,
Proudly feeling, as advancing,
These great promptings of the heart.

How he learns with satisfaction,
As he mounts each higher round,
That "fraternal" love and justice
Through our Order must be found.

That humanity, in all her forms,
Has nothing more to give,
If in an "ever-faithful breast"
Masonic teachings live.

That deeds of human kindness
Are the ends toward which we strive,
Hence that pride and grand devotion
Which will *all* time survive.

"New light," too, greets his vision
At each succeeding grade,
That from a true Masonic heart,
Is destined ne'er to fade.

With hope and faith inspired,
He gains the "inner door,"
Where, "armed with good instruction,"
He'll "pass on" as before.

Until within the "sanctum,"
The crowning labour done,
He knows his work of mercy
Is now in fact begun.

MASONIC REQUIEM.

Awake the Harp of Mournful song,
Ye Brothers of the Mystic Band,
Ye who support the temple strong,
Or by the sacred Altar stand!
Strike high the cords in wailing strain
Of deepest woe,
And mourn from out our holy Fane
A Brother low!
Bow down the knee—hang low the head—
A Master fallen—a Brother dead.

The Spring op'd with its fairest flowers,
And summer wove her garland gay,
And sunshine o'er this world of ours,
Chased all of wintry gloom away.

But soon the winds of Autumn came,
And winter with its dark'ning gloom;
And now when buds, Spring wreaths pro-
claim,

We mourn our Brother in the tomb.
Bow down the knee—hang low the head—
A Master fallen—a Brother dead.

The light that lightens Masonry,
Hath lost 'mong us a living ray,
And her handmaiden Charity,
Mourns one from out the ranks away.

The candlestick out of its place
Has been removed, and now
The Brethren sit with sorrowing face,
And sadness on each brow;

The fine gold it is changed and dim—
The Master's honours sleep with him!

Craftsman, Canadian.

NOTES ON THE CHIVALRIC
ORDERS OF THE TEMPLE AND OF
MALTA, IN CANADA.

*Under the Jurisdiction of the Convent
General, and the Great Priory of England,
Wales, and possessions of the British
Crown.*

THE UNITED RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY
ORDERS OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND
KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM,
PALESTINE, RHODES AND MALTA.—The
Order commonly known as the "Knights
Templar," represents the *old* order of
Knighthood of the Crusades, instituted in
1118, violently but only outwardly sup-
pressed in 1313. The Order was *not*
entirely abolished. Its formal dissolution
by the Pope, and the confiscation of its
property *could not and did not* destroy all
the brave and noble spirits who had been
so long associated together; uniting them-
selves with *other* existing Orders of *Knigh-*
hood, they perpetuated their *own*, and
thus preserving the memory of their mis-
fortunes, continued their assemblies, without
attracting attention. Although there is
no *real* connection between the Templar
Order and Freemasonry, as regards *aim*,
object, and *ceremonial*, still the Order of the
Temple, from its long connection with that
ancient *Fraternity*, which *traditionally*
preserved its dogmas and rites from oblivion,
requires that all aspirants for the honour

of its chivalry, should be *Freemasons*, should be Master Masons of at least *two years' standing*, as also *Royal Arch Masons*.

The union between the Templars and the Knights of St. John appears to have taken place in Scotland, immediately after the *outward* suppression of the Templars in 1313. In that country the Order was *not* dissolved, but united with that of St. John (afterwards known as the Knights of Malta), and continued until the period of the Reformation; since that time in connection with the Masonic fraternity. The two Orders have been designated as the (combined) "Orders of Knights Templars and of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta." The assumption of the name "*Palestine*" is accounted for, as the Templars and Knights of St. John resided there for many years. "*Rhodes*" and "*Malta*," from the *Knights of St. John* having possessions and residing in those islands.

The Templars for many years conferred within the body of their encampments or Preceptories the Degrees known as the "Rose Croix," now the 18° of the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," and the "Kadosh," the 30° of the same Rite. Some years since these Grades were surrendered by the greater number of the Preceptories to the *A. and A. Rite*; on its establishment in England, but are still retained by some of the most *ancient* of the bodies of English Templars. An examination into the ceremonial and ritual of these *two* grades of 18° and 30°, will clearly show that they are properly "*Templar grades* instituted for specific reasons, connected with the order of *The Temple*, and that as a part of the *A. and A. Rite* they are quite out of place, and have therein no significance whatever. It must be a subject of regret to every Templar that these grades were ever needlessly and improperly surrendered.

The Templar ceremonial is the *reception* of a *Novice* into the Order. The Rose Croix teaches the great fundamental truths of Christianity by symbolizing as it does the crucifixion, descent into "Hades," and glorious ascension of our Lord.

The "*Kadosh*" is a grade instituted to keep in perpetual remembrance the violent oppression and *outward* suppression of the Order, and the martyrdom and sufferings

of "*Jacques de Molai*," the Grand Master, and a number of his Knights, in Paris.

We will now, in a few words, explain the reason *why* the *Papal power* and nearly all the *Monarchs of Christendom* united to, if possible, totally extinguish this Order, as the ordinary reasons attributed to "*Philip le Bel of France*," and *Pope Clement*, with the other authors of their overthrow, will not suffice entirely to account for their catastrophe. When the Holy Land was lost and abandoned the Templars returned to their wealthy European *Preceptories*—the Order was no longer of use as a Military body, and it was felt their day was past—between them and "*King Philip*" a bitter and undying hatred had been engendered by numerous acts of arrogance and insubordination against his authority, as they claimed an authority and jurisdiction independent of kings; and it cannot be denied they had deviated from the original purpose of their institution, rendering themselves unfit depositors of that wealth which had been bequeathed to them for purposes widely different from those to which, during the last years of their existence, they had appropriated it.

In the second place, the Templars taught within their most secret conclaves the doctrine of the "*Gnostics*," and that the *Papal power* was a false and dangerous assumption of authority over the minds and consciences of men, and that very many of the dogmas of Rome were but gross and childish superstitions. Hence, by the *union* of their Templar and *spiritual* power, this *Order*, that was felt by both King and Pope to be highly dangerous to the perpetuation of their despotism over the souls as well as the bodies of mankind, was ruthlessly attempted to be utterly destroyed. As late as 1776, the Jesuits having discovered that the *Templar Order* was in some continental countries continuing its operations under the designation of the "*Kadosh*," warned the governments of all Roman Catholic countries against the latter *Order*, and caused it to be proscribed as dangerous and antagonistic to the doctrine of the Church of Rome.

Thus in a few words we have given the real reason why the Order of the Temple was in 1313, and has been since, as at the present moment, under the ban of the Roman Pontiff.

The recent installation of *H. R. H. The Prince of Wales*, as Grand Master of the United Orders in England, Wales, Ireland, and possessions of the British Empire, and revision of the Statutes, eliminating the prefix "Masonic" and restoring the proper nomenclature of the different officers, &c., has materially tended to place the Orders on a correct and proper footing. It is an error to class that of the Temple amongst the *Masonic* degrees, a classification for which there is no warrant. *The Order* has been from an early period connected with Masonry, but is one of the degrees of *pure* and *ancient* Freemasonry. The *Christian* and *Trinitarian* character is a sufficient proof of this. It merely claims to be a *revival* of the *Great Order of the Temple of the Crusades*, traditionally preserved and perpetuated to the present time by its connection with the time-honoured *Masonic Fraternity*. From every marked particular that can be ascertained, it would seem the Order of the Temple, as handed down to us, was connected with the "*Haut* or *Hautes Grades*," which were first brought out on the continent of Europe, at the beginning of the last century, but had long previously existed, and the Templar ritualistic ceremonies were most probably introduced into the Speculative system of this *high grade* Freemasonry by some of the continental members of the "*Chivalric Order of the Temple*" (now obsolete), which it has been asserted was *regularly* continued from the time of the martyrdom of "*De Molai*." Freemasonry itself was not generally known until its revival in 1717, when, getting into the hands of visionary enthusiasts, who knowing but little of its true history, in the absence of satisfactory documentary evidence, eagerly sought for and gave credence to every idle legend and tradition, as proofs of its genuine antiquity and amalgamation with the *old Orders of Knighthood*. Whilst endeavouring to give some insight into the history of the Order and place its present position in a correct light, it must not be supposed there is a desire on the part of any true Templar to ignore the obligations the Order owes to "*Freemasonry proper*," which has so long fostered it.

THE HOLY ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR PRIEST, OR HOLY WISDOM.—This Order is

conferred on Knights Templar, and is said to have been instituted in 1686, and seems properly to be the *religious ceremony* constituting *chaplains* of the Order, but in practice is now given to any Knight Templar who may desire it. It is very little known, and in Canada is not practised in more than one or two Preceptories. The ceremonies are of a highly religious character.

NOTE.—Considering the "*Rose Croix*" and "*Kadosh*" as strictly *Templar* degrees, the *proper* arrangement of the United Religious and Military Orders would be as follows (but, of course, this is all out of the question now, but shows the necessity of every Templar progressing to the *Kadosh*, if possible):

1.—THE "TEMPLAR," or *reception* into the Order.

2.—THE "ROSE CROIX," which teaches the true Templar his faith—the greatest and most important truths of *Christianity*—that *through Christ*, and by his name only, can he be saved.

3.—THE "TEMPLAR PRIEST," which is merely the *religious*, as the "*Templar* is the *military* grade of the Order."

4.—THE "KADOSH" is a perpetual remembrance of the *constancy, courage* and *sufferings* of the Templar Knights, when the Order was *outwardly* suppressed. Formerly the *idea* was *revenge* upon the *instigators* of the *crime*, but is now *modified* to a *Christian spirit*, unto perpetual *warfare* against the *idea* that *caused* the crime, viz., *Priestly tyranny, Kingly oppression, and envy and avarice.*"

5.—THE "ORDER OF MALTA" keeps in remembrance this once famous Order, and the *amalgamation* of a *portion* of the "*Templars*" with the "*Knights of St. John*." Strictly speaking, this Order has *no connection* with the *Templars*, or *any whatever* with the *legitimate* successors of the *Knights of Malta*, still existing on the continent of Europe, and in England. The association of the title of the "*Order of Malta*" with that of the *Templars*, arose from a confusion of names in styling them "*Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem*." The ritual is very modern and not derived from the *old Chivalric Order.*"

Craftsman, Canadian.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

Lecture by the Rev. Dr. Kholer, delivered before the Sunday Afternoon Lecture Society of Chicago, America:—

You all have, no doubt, read in the papers of the excavations lately made among the ruins of the ancient cities of Nineveh and Babylonia; few, however, I suppose, have sufficiently watched the progress of these explorations to be aware of their important value in tracing the history of our race. I may, therefore, right at the outset, claim your interest for a discovery which ranks among the greatest achievements of our wonder-working age. By this, of course, I do not mean the digging done with the axe and the shovel in yonder mounds of Mesopotamia, but the deciphering of the Assyrian inscriptions and the subsequent recovery of lost treasures of a most ancient culture.

All great discoveries made on the progressive march of history derive their importance less from what they immediately bring to light than from the chances they offer for widening man's horizon and enlarging his scope. Neither the Eldorado supposed to be detected by the Spaniards, nor the new continent added to the map of our globe, nor the vast territories unlocked for overcrowded Europe, won Columbus immortal fame. The inexhaustible blessing of the discovery of America was that, while putting man in possession of both hemispheres, it made him master of the whole globe, and in making the wide ocean a bridge to connect the most distant lands, it brought, so to speak, the far off heaven within the grasp of his calculations. Likewise the Copernican discovery of the earth's being a mere planet moving around the sun unveiled the vista of the sky for a Kepler, Galileo, Newton, and the Herschels, to perceive innumerable worlds beaming with light in immeasurable distances. Or when geology unfolded the authentic records of creation, as given in the substrata of the earth itself, each of which represents an epoch counting millions of years in the development of our planet, the way was cleared up for Darwin to find in the scale of beings the law of gradual evolution, and thus to lay the corner-stone of a new science and a new philosophy, prompting much higher views of the universe, and

sublimier ideas of its Creator than the old one. Now, among these great modern revelations the discovery of Assyrian and Babylonian literature and art fairly bids for a conspicuous place, as it offers indeed a great missing link in the chain of evolution of the human mind. For it is not long since, silently admitted by thinking men that the chasm gaping between the Bushman and a Shakespeare and Humboldt, a Feejee Islander and a Moses and Aristotle, is too wide to be filled up by the few thousand years brought forth by Biblical chronology? Of course, few people are inclined to give up the firm position of good old orthodoxy for a mere "perhaps" and "probably" offered by scientific inquiry. Hence most people fail to be convinced, when the remnants of fossils found in the layers of the earth proved man to have coexisted with the mammoth and mastodon, and ever since 200,000 or 300,000 years fought the struggle for existence. Indeed, all those hunting-caves, and pile-dwellings, and ancient mounds, found replete with specimens of man's handicraft on both hemispheres, give no exact accounts, as regards their age, to convince men of lazy habits of thinking. Nor does the dim and scanty knowledge transmitted to us by sacred and classical writers concerning a remoter past, shed light enough upon the road of groping and struggling mankind in its infancy.

Happily, then, Champollion, the general decipherer of the hieroglyphics, discovered the key to unlock Egyptian antiquity, so long hidden, and to trace the history of civilization thousands of years beyond the supposed flood. By continued researches evidences were brought to light of a highly advanced state of culture the Egyptians enjoyed more than 2,500 years before Abraham trod on the soil of Canaan, as still existing monuments of yonder time witness. But, as when light is brought to shine through a small crevice into a spacious hall, dark from all sides, it merely brightens up the room in that one direction, leaving the other portions in a more contrasting darkness, so it was in our case. To Egypt, henceforth, every historian turned for light. Egypt was declared to be the parent and the inventress of all arts and sciences. Only a few weeks ago I heard Bayard Taylor, in a most interesting lecture on Egypt, express himself in this way: "From

Egypt Moses drew all his wisdom ; there he borrowed his laws, and even the holy mystery of the great 'I Am Who I Am' was imparted to him by Egyptian priests." Yet Bayard Taylor failed to account for an institution like the Sabbath, standing almost in the centre of the Mosaic laws, while the Egyptian week consisted of ten days instead of seven, nor for other very essential differences in the rites and forms of temple-worship and priesthood. Besides, Bayard Taylor seemed to be unaware of the fact, ascertained by modern critics beyond all doubt, that the Mosaic laws could not have been written before the prophets, with their sublime monotheism, had, after many hundreds of years' struggle, prevailed over the idolatrous people of Israel.

However this may be, Egyptian civilization, shining forth like an oasis out of a barren wilderness, far from explaining the remote past, offers merely a puzzle more to historians. No single star moves unless influenced by another one ; nor is growth manifested anywhere except by the interchange of forces working upon each other. Hence, Egypt points to another centre of culture, acting and reacting upon its own. Really, her earliest monuments speak of conquered nations in the north of Asia bringing fine works of metal as tributes. Her metals, her horses and waggons, bear in their very names the stamp of a Semitic culture. Her art, at its very beginning, shows a perfection which, instead of progressing, degenerated into stiff and stereotype forms. All this, taken together with the language and the physiognomy of the Egyptians, both betraying a mixture of African and Asian people, tends to accumulate proofs of the existence of a country rivalling with Egypt in culture and antiquity. This, with the help of the Assyrian disclosures, has now been found, and the veil lifted from the very dawn of culture.

But, before giving you the results of these studies, let me first show you how these invaluable discoveries were brought about. At the close of the last century the attention of scholars was directed towards a curious kind of inscriptions found on the ruins of Persepolis, the old Persian capital, first, I believe, by English travellers. The fresh breeze of the sea, with the aspect of its unsteady waves, seems ever to induce people to new undertakings and explora-

tions. At last Niebuhr, the German historian, copied these inscriptions. But nobody knew what to make of these curious signs, which looked neither like our alphabet, nor like the Egyptian, the Chinese, and Mexican picture-writings, but consisted of strokes in the shape of wedges, combined in various forms to represent some kind of letters. Finally, the unremitting efforts of a German professor named Grotefend, who devoted a life's study to their deciphering, was crowned with a success which assured to him the honour of being to these cuneiform inscriptions what Champollion was to the hieroglyphics. His task was even more difficult than Champollion's, as the latter had a Greek inscription at his command, helping him to find out the names of Cleopatra and Ptolemy, which he used as a clue for his further researches, while Grotefend, without any clue, pried into those signs, until, after many years' labour, he arrived at the track of the royal names of Xerxes and Darius. But his fame was soon eclipsed by the fame of an English scholar, whose name you are undoubtedly acquainted with, Major Henry Rawlinson. Being employed in the service of the British army in the East, he succeeded in first reading and translating the famous inscriptions of Darius and Artaxerxes on the table-work of Behistun, in Persia, while other scholars established a scientific method of the old Persian language.

Thus far, however, only half of the task was accomplished, as the inscriptions, presenting besides the Persian two other ones of an entirely different character, offered new problems to solve. Still the work was easier, since the Persian could be used as a key to decipher the others. Again Grotefend sounded the key-note in recognizing the one as an Assyrian inscription, and trying a rudimentary solution. But Rawlinson carried off the laurel, offering a tolerable reading, and was soon followed by Dr. Oppert, a Jewish-German savant at Paris, who presented a method and a grammar.

In the meantime, while scholars pondered over these dry readings, the mine of Assyrian treasures, long looked after under the sand of Mesopotamia, was opened by Botta, a French Consul. Grappling with many difficulties, laid in his way both by the superstition of the Arabs, who looked upon

those mounds as tombs of holy men, and by tricks of Turkish officers, he at last broke the death-spell of the doomed city of Nineveh. And lo! there he stood in the midst of a ruined palace, whose gorgeous chambers, with their marvels of art covering in fragments the floor, with their magnificent bas-reliefs on the walls, and their winged bulls and lions of gigantic size gazing at him as if they welcomed the light, filled his soul with both admiration and awe. You may imagine it to have been no easy work for him to move these precious loads on trees and rafts along the Euphrates, and ship them home to the Louvre. Yet it was done. But soon England followed to take the lion's share. Austin Henry Layard, the British statesman, soon after having met in his travels in the East the French Consul at his successful excavations at Chorsabad, in 1842, planned the scheme for other investigations. In 1845 he commenced excavations at Nimroud, a village close by Mossul, and his repeated success made the British Museum the focus of Assyrian studies.

Herodotus tells a story he learned from the Assyrians, of the vast treasures of King Sardanpalus, which, though concealed in subterranean vaults, were carried off by thieves, who dug holes in the ground to reach them, when nobody suspected anything of the kind. Layard, while unburying this King's palace, failed to find these treasures, they having been plundered by Persian and Macedonian conquerors long ago, but he carried off most valuable trophies of a much nobler conquest.

What an amazing beauty and perfection of art is displayed in these ruins of walls, depicting hunting scenes, battles, and religious ceremonies, with a fascinating vividness of expression in all their details. There the King is seen riding in his brilliant chariot, followed by his armour-bearers, in the company of his sons, hunting wild bulls and lions, of whom some are pierced with arrows, while others lie prostrate under the wheels of his running chariot. All these scenes are portrayed on frescoes with an accuracy of design and a reality of life that is really surprising. Other tablets show Assyrians attacking the enemy with bows and spears, besieging cities with battering-rams and movable towers, and having taken them by assault, leading the inhabitants away as captives,

while their leaders are either hung or flayed alive, or, if pardoned, have their eyes pierced with a spear at the King's hand.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

April 28, 1875.

Great day for English Freemasonry!
Most joyous festival of our famous Craft
That all these hurrying years have witnessed.
Twelve months ago in peace serenely lapped,
Like tranquil meadows by the water side,
The order rested, calmly confident
In all fraternal growth and peaceful labours,
For it was proud of its kind leader and its
mission.

A few short hours and gloom came o'er us all.
Another power, dangerous and ambitious,
Fell in its hatred, potent in its spell,
Had come between the ruler and the ruled.
No more for him the genial amity of his
ancient mates,
No more those goodly truths he taught so
well,
No more those loving words he spoke so
often.

We sorrow for him with the earnest sorrow
That those most feel who love a cherished
friend,

From whom time's everlasting separation,
Has here divided from each for evermore.

And then there fell upon us a storm of
words,

And idle threats and childish censures,
The angry and the uncharitable anathema!
But yet to-day that darker season's sped.
The Heir of this great empire, in his own
words,

"Vouches" for our loyalty and truth,
Our charitable enterprise, and our fraternal
love,

And so we heed not those who curse or blame.
The past is all forgotten, our word is onwards!
Onwards under the banner of our Royal
Grand Master!

To him we pledge our unstained loyalty;
And round the throne—the guardian of
us all,

Our liberty, our laws, our peace—we rally
once again,
Like our good forefathers in some darker
days.

O most auspicious festival of our old Craft !
 In after years let still the tale go round,
 Of those who gathered gladly and rejoiced,
 To see the Prince of Wales installed
 Grand Master of our English Brotherhood !
 May all of good attend our Royal Brother ;
 May many years still see him at our head,
 Strengthened and cheered by a whole
 order's love.

And may we English Masons, free and true,
 Maintain the even tenour of our way
 In happy labours, none making us afraid ;
 And may, indeed, our true Masonic
 principles

Bind closer man to his own Brother man,
 And make us feel that we indeed are One,
 One all of us in one another here,
 One all of us in God Most High.

W.

RELIEF.

BY MRS. C. W. TOWLE.

How cold, how dreary the day was !
 The wind sounded hoarsely as it moaned
 among the bare branches of the trees, and
 died away in distant murmurs. A white
 frost had fallen the night before, and nipped
 leaf and floweret. The sky looked like
 lead, and now and then a cloud, fleecy and
 white, as if laden with snows, drifted in
 mid air. Blue-lipped, shivering little
 children, with satchels and books, hurried
 by to school, or stopped for a few moments
 at the street corners.

I had taken my drawing pencils and
 portfolio, and seated myself before the
 blazing fire. When the wind rattled the
 casement, I drew my vizette closer about
 me, and thanked God for a comfortable
 shelter from the inclemency of the northern
 blast. A piece of Bristol board was beneath
 my pencil. Scene after scene grew beneath
 its touches. But all was dreary. A frozen
 mill, an ice-bound tree, a snowstorm, a man
 striving to hold his cloak on in the blast,
 these were the prominent features in my
 pencil sketches. I could not be cheerful,
 do what I might. I could not forget the
 drear aspect of nature without.

I threw aside my pencil, and wheeled
 my chair to the fire. The coals glowed
 almost fiercely in the grate, and I began
 tracing pictures and images among them.

The door opened, and a strong blast
 swept through. I looked up and saw a
 cloaked figure—a tall, noble, and command-
 ing person. He threw aside his travelling
 cap, unclasped the steel buckles confining
 his mantle in front, and Uncle Roger sat
 down beside me, to thaw out before the
 genial blaze his stiffened fingers.

As he sat there, his deep olive complexion
 became almost scarlet in hue. His keen
 black eye rested musingly upon the coals.
 Was he, too, tracing imagery among them ?
 It might be, but it was not probable. My
 uncle had little imagination, and was never
 to my knowledge fanciful. It was more
 probable that he was weighing in his mind
 some East India speculation, for all his
 latter life had been spent there. It was to
 its torrid clime that he owed his olive
 complexion, quick flashing eye, and suscep-
 tibility to cold. The fire was peculiarly
 agreeable to him. When he went into the
 frigid atmosphere without, his broad stout
 person shook like an aspen, and he clasped
 and drew his cloak closer and still closer
 about him. He was a bachelor, one nearly
 fifty years old. His hair was sprinkled
 with grey, but it looked handsome, never-
 theless ; indeed, all who looked upon my
 uncle called him, even at that age, a fine-
 looking man. I had oftentimes puzzled
 my brains to discover why he had all his
 life remained matchless ; why one, with his
 love of social life, affectionate disposition,
 and domestic tastes, had lived without en-
 joying life's great charm—a home.

But mysteries are curious things, and
 this fact remained a mystery in spite of all
 my speculations. I could not fathom it ;
 but now a stronger desire than ever before
 I had, seized me to know why he had never
 married. As he sat in the light of the
 grate, he looked so stately, genial, and
 handsome, that the mystery grew greater
 to my mind than ever, and I determined,
 by direct questioning, to find out the secret.

"A cold day, uncle," I said, by way of
 introduction ; "a cold day, and I imagine
 you feel it sensibly ; it is not much like
 the East Indies."

"No," said he abruptly, and relapsed
 back into the dreamy state he had sat in
 before.

"You do not like this climate, I
 imagine," I continued.

"Not much," was the laconic answer
 wrung from him.

"But you did at one time like to live in your native land," I said; "why did you go in the first place to the East Indies, uncle?"

"To trade," said he; "to buy and sell and get gain. That is what the world lives for. Gold is the lever that moves the world."

"True," I said; "but you have won gold; you are what the world calls rich; are you happy?"

His brow contracted. "Happier than I should have been without wealth, I presume," said he. "But perfect happiness is not the lot of man."

"You never had a family, uncle," I continued; "you have lived alone all your life. Why did you never marry? Did you never love?"

A deeper shadow stole to his cheek; I saw that I had touched upon a tender point. He did not reply immediately, but sat, I imagined, half moodily before the fire, as still as a statue.

At length he turned abruptly towards me. "Yes, I have loved," he said, "but it was long years ago. The romance of life is over with me now. The flame has gone out that passion kindled; there can scarcely be found one smouldering ember that has survived the wrecks of time and its accompanying sorrows."

"Tell me all about it, uncle," I said anxiously; "when was it that you found your *beau ideal*,—where did you meet with her? In America or in the East Indies?"

"It was long years ago," he said, "long before I went to the East Indies, that I first met Adelaide Sullivan."

"Was she *very* beautiful, uncle?" I queried. "Had she blue eyes, a Grecian nose, and delicate features? Was she *very* lovely?"

"To me," he replied, "she was as beautiful as an angel, although perhaps you might not at first sight have termed her *very* fair. She had eyes as blue as the violets which opened in the spring woods, lips and cheeks that might have stolen colours from the rosebud, and a forehead white as snow. But beautiful as she was in person, she was more attractive in mind. She had wit, sprightliness, intelligence. She was gentle and refined. To me she appeared, in those days, of all her sex the paragon."

"And still you did not marry her," I said; "why was this?"

"Mercenary parents stood in the way,—parents who said that something more than love was wanted to commence house-keeping upon,—parents who frowned upon my schemes, until, in a fit of passion, I vowed to amass gold until their cupidity was satisfied; and with this vow upon my lips, I bade adieu to Adelaide, and sailed for the Indies. For long years I toiled unsuccessfully. My head grew gray with time, thought and care. At length the news reached me of Adelaide's marriage. From that hour I relinquished all ideas of ever possessing a home of my own,—of forming the centre of a domestic circle. I amassed gold, for acquisition had grown into a passion,—a habit with me, and it is a passion with me still. Just now I was planning the sale of some ten-acre lots on my plantation. There was not much romance about that operation, you will admit."

"No," I said, thoughtfully. "But what of Adelaide? do you know anything of her now? Have you ever found her since your return to your native land?"

"No, not I. Why should I? She is the wife of another, and has forgotten me. At any rate, she has no business remembering me; a pretty chap I should consider myself, looking up married women, and reviving old flames. No, no!" and my uncle shook his head decidedly.

Just then a rough blast shook the casements; the day was, in truth, a most inclement one. The wind not only shook the casements, but forced open the door. My uncle jumped to his feet, and sprang to close it immediately; but he did not accomplish his design. A weak voice arrested his hand. The figure of a pale and half-frozen child stood upon the door-steps, as if hesitating whether a welcome waited for him inside or not.

"Come in, boy, come in!" said my uncle, hastily; "a dog should not be abroad in such weather, much less a delicate child. Come in, and thaw out your stiffened fingers, dear."

The boy mounted the threshold, and tottered towards the fire. He was very weak; it might be through hunger, it might be through cold, perhaps from both combined.

I rose and offered him a low chair by the

grate. He sank into it; and as he felt the genial heat of the room stealing into his benumbed frame, a few tear-drops rolled down his wan cheeks.

My uncle was a benevolent-hearted man. He regarded the lad for a few moments with an expression which showed that much contact with a rough world had not entirely dried up the fountains of sympathy in his heart.

"Why are you abroad in such rough weather?" he asked. "Your parents certainly cannot have sent you?"

The child's under lip trembled with emotion, and tears sprang into his eyes. "My father is dead," he said, "and my mother is very ill and destitute of bread."

"Poor child!" said my uncle compassionately, "and this is the reason why you are out; you are too fine a little fellow to be sent on begging expeditions."

The boy's cheek flushed, but it was with mortified pride and anger.

"I am *not a beggar*," he said, disdainfully. "I never took a copper in my life, and never mean to, without giving something in return. My mother sent me out this morning to sell this, and not to beg." As he spoke he drew from his pocket a small roll. I watched and admired the little fellow as he untied the string and unrolled the brown paper that enclosed his treasure.

I was surprised when I saw it at last held up for exhibition. It was a white satin apron, beautifully painted and trimmed,—one which must at some time have belonged to the most honourable of the Fraternity.

My uncle was a bright Mason. I saw his eye kindle and his cheek flush at the sight of the satin texture now offered in exchange for bread,—for the common wants of life.

"To whom did this belong, my boy?" said my uncle in a mild voice; "was this your father's?"

"Yes," said the child; "my father used often to wear it, and a pretty sight it was, sir, to see him dressed out in his beautiful regalia. My mother hates to part with it, sir; indeed she has parted with everything else before she would part with this, but she is sick and in great distress. This morning she said I must offer this for sale, for she cannot bear to see me beg, and we have nothing else to sell.

A man up town to whom I offered it told me he was not a Mason, and had no use for such regalia, but if I would come here perhaps I could sell it. I accordingly came, and how would you like to buy it, sir?"

"Buy it!" cried my uncle; "no, I would not buy it for the world; but your mother if she is the widow of the man that wore this, shall never again send you forth on such an errand. I pledge the word of a gentleman and a Mason. Take your hat, boy, and show me the way to your residence."

My uncle had taken his cloak, and was already clasping it around him.

"You will not surely go forth, uncle, in such an hour, and with your East India constitution, to brave this inclement storm," I said, rising and standing before him. "You can send money and relief to this unfortunate lady, without exposing yourself."

"I cannot send," he replied implicitly. "If the widow and child of a Mason can brave the rigours of the storm, I certainly am not too weak, too effeminate, for the task. Give me my cane and hat."

I handed them to him, and, taking the child by the hand, he went forth into the wind and sleet, for the latter had commenced falling. I went to the window, and watched them both until they were out of sight. I felt, as I saw my uncle's stalwart frame braving the inclemency without, and yielding support to the delicate, fragile boy, that he was indeed one of God's noblemen, and I mused over the mysterious organization of men to which he belonged, and the benevolence of whose creed had led him forth to peril the safety of a constitution rendered peculiarly sensitive to cold, from a long residence in a foreign clime.

* * * * *

It was quite dark before my uncle returned. He came in, and to my surprise, exhibited no great symptoms of cold. He leisurely unclasped his cloak, and sat down to the supper table, which was already spread, without a remark.

I looked into his face as I sat down to pour the coffee into the cups, but it was unreadable as a scratched and torn page. I could not unravel his thoughts. He was serious, without being sad, and gave brief answers to all my questions.

"Did you find that poor woman in great distress?" I queried.

"Yes," said he.

"She is suffering for the want of the necessaries of life, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Did you do anything for her?"

"To be sure I did; that was what I went for."

"True, true," I said, "but I thought you would only look into her condition, and then lay her case before the lodge."

"Lay her case before the fiddlesticks," said he abruptly. "Adelaide Sullivan's case is already attended to. She will never seek relief from a Masonic Lodge while there is strength in this right arm to provide for her and her boy."

"Adelaide Sullivan!" I exclaimed in surprise. "It is not possible that your old flame, Adelaide Sullivan, has been reduced to widowhood, penury, and want, and that you have just found her?"

"It is true," said he. "Her husband has been dead two years, and wretchedly poor he must have left her; but thank fortune, I have enough for both."

"And mean to share it with her," I said mischievously. "But I forgot, the romance of life is over with you, uncle. The fires of passion are extinguished,—not a smouldering ember exists. So it is not probable that you will marry her."

"It is probable," said my uncle in his straightforward way, "probable and certain. The romance of life may be over, but I have a feeling of love for this woman, nevertheless,—a feeling that can be smothered, but never extinguished."

And so, kind reader, it proved in the end. My uncle married her, and a sweeter, kinder woman, never gladdened a domestic scene.

All things to her had shown its dark side, but at last there came through Masonry "light."—*Masonic Monthly*.

"ERADICATION OF ERROR."

REPLY BY BRO. W. J. HUGHAN.

We think that some of the points alluded to by our friend, Bro. Jacob Norton, have already been examined by us in the pages of the *Voice of Masonry*, Chicago, but in

order that the proof demanded for our statements be plainly seen and freely given to the brethren in the United States as well as in the "old country," we have penned the following facts of our final explanation of the matter, and we hope they will prove as satisfactory to Bro. Norton and your readers, as we believe them to be fairly and accurately described, according to the evidence so far known.

As the introduction in Bro. Norton's article does not allude to our views, we proceed at once to the portion which does so. It appears that our good friend has had some little difficulty in making up his mind "to attack the shortcoming of even Bro. Hughan himself;" but, after a most courageous and stubborn resistance, his desire to shield our "defenceless head" has been silenced, and he has boldly stated his objection to our only "stopping short on one point," in the acceptance of our learned Bro. Findel's opinions on Freemasonry. We should have been exceedingly sorry if Bro. Norton had been silent instead of exposing our error; indeed, we consider his valued friendship ought not to have, and has not, kept him from demonstrating the fact that "a fair field and no favour" is the only inalienable right of those who seek to enlighten others, either as respects the history of Freemasonry or of any other institution. We have either proof for our statements, or we should be quiet. We either know what we are talking about, or discretion should lead us to wait until we do, and then the time may come for us to speak to some purpose. Several years of close application to Masonic studies, with Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., of London, and Bro. D. Murray Lyon, of Ayr, as our esteemed and indefatigable collaborators—have enabled us, in our united or individual capacities, to probe many curious stories which have been foisted on the records of the craft, as well as to confirm many links in the chain of Masonic history, reaching far back into past centuries, and especially to prove the existence of speculative Freemasonry antecedent to the "revival of 1717."

Bro. Norton, first of all, tells us that the fact of John Boswell, Esq., attending the Lodge of Edinburgh on the 8th January, 1600, and signing his Masonic mark to the record of the meeting, "has nothing to do with our mark degree, which is

modern." We quoted the foregoing fact to prove that non-operatives were accepted as Masons as early as 1600, according to existing records, and by so doing, considered that Freemasons were not wholly operative in 1600, but partly speculative. We said nothing about the mark degree in such a connection, because there is no evidence of its existence for more than a century later, though there was a charge made in the Mother Lodge Kilwinning "on choosing the mark," about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the promoters of the degree in question are evidently preserving an important custom in their ceremonies, which has been neglected in most craft lodges. But Bro. Norton objects to our terming the admission of the gentleman aforesaid a "speculative Mason," and also declares that a non-operative holding office in a Scotch lodge, a long string of gentlemen and noblemen being enrolled as members, and the initiation of Elias Ashmole and others during the seventeenth century, "do not prove that they were speculative Masons!" But we know that they were not operative Masons, and therefore, being Masons, they were speculative, for they must have been either one or the other, if Masons at all. "Non-operative" is only another name for speculative, and it is, therefore, idle to cavil about the use of synonymous terms. The question of wages is foreign, we apprehend, to the inquiry, and whether Masons got less or got more than other crafts in early days, does not in any way determine the speculative and operative and solely speculative periods of the craft. It would be as reasonable to ask the colour of Bro. Norton's hair, if we desired to know if he is in London just now (as he really is), as to expect to decide the speculative character of Freemasonry by reference to the wages of the crafts. Those gentlemen who were admitted into the company of carpenters in the sixteenth century, were certainly speculative carpenters, *i. e.*, they were not operative, and so were speculative or non-operative, provided their admission made them virtually carpenters, if not actually, by the communication to them of the *esoteric* portions of the ceremony of reception; but unfortunately, we have not been able to discover any accounts of any such admissions, except in connection with Freemasonry. We know that in Masonic

lodges gentlemen were made Masons, and had certain signs, a word or words, etc., etc., communicated to them; but we are not aware of anything of the kind being done at the assemblies of the carpenters, tailors or the fishmongers, etc. If there were such esoteric ceremonies in connection with the latter—and there may have been; we only say *we know not*—then the gentlemen admitted were as much speculative tailors, carpenters and shoemakers, as those made Masons in Edinburgh and Kilwinning and Aberdeen were speculative Masons; so we accept such a result as flowing from our adoption of the term speculative, and hence what Bro. Norton thinks is an impediment to the reception of our belief, is to us its confirmation.

We should be especially glad to be informed of any documentary proof of our friend Lyon's statement about the "secret modes of recognition among other than Masonic craftsmen being traceable through several generations." We wrote Bro. Lyon, on the appearance of his invaluable History of the Lodge of Edinburgh—without which the best library would be incomplete, and which every Lodge should procure for the examination of its members—and drew his attention to the statement about the "Squaramen" and their esoteric ceremonies in the seventeenth century, asking for *verbatim et literatim* transcripts of the minutes, but he informed us he knew of none, and that his information was derived from some of the present members!

Bro. Norton next tells us that the "rise of Masonic popularity dates with the admission of Wren in 1691." This is news to us, and, we think, to all Masonic students who prefer fact to fiction. Sir Christopher Wren, so far as we can tell, never took any part in the constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, 1717, and there is not a line of MS. which exhibits his connection with the revival of Freemasonry; neither is there a scrap of evidence that Freemasonry was popular from 1691, because of Sir Christopher Wren's admission into the fraternity, or, in fact, that the fraternity was at all popular from 1691 to 1720!

So much for fancy; now for fact. Bro. Norton declares that "*We have no evidence that purely non-operative lodges, or even lodges wherein the non-operative element*

predominated, existed before the beginning of the eighteenth century." We deny the statement emphatically, because we have evidence of what we are by him said not to have. In our "Early History of British Freemasonry," written for the *Voice of Masonry*, March, 1872, will be found a list of the members of the lodge at Aberdeen, A.D. 1670. There were forty-nine in all, but only some *twelve* were operatives, the remainder being non-operative (or, as correctly termed, speculative), Masons! There were three noblemen, two or three ministers, several wrights (or carpenters), a schoolmaster (who was the Master of the lodge, A.D. 1670), an advocate, glaziers, hair-dressers, surgeons, etc., etc., on the list, and the records are still to be seen in Aberdeen. We have had the pages with the signatures of these operatives and speculative Masons of A.D. 1670, photographed by Bro. Garey, by consent of the lodge, and our dear friend, Bro. Chas. Eugene Meyer has copies of the same, as we are as anxious for the new country to participate in the results of our researches as the old. The "successors" were as follows: A mason of 1685, a slater of 1687, a merchant of 1688, a merchant in London of 1688, and a carpenter of 1688, etc., etc. It was, however, an operative lodge for all that, as the minutes prove, and yet the major portion of the members, A.D. 1670, were not operative Masons, but speculative!

As to non-operative (or speculative) lodges prior to the last century, or "before the revival of 1717," we are bound to confess that but little evidence exists, but what little there is points to the reverse of Bro. Norton's statement. The lodge at Haughfoot, Scotland, (whose minutes have been made known by Bro. Sanderson, Provincial Grand Secretary, of Peebles and Selkirk,) was a non-operative (or speculative) lodge from the earliest date. Its meetings have so far been traced back to 1702. We consider this a most important fact, and all interested will find particulars afforded by us in the *Voice of Masonry* for August, 1872.

Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, A.D. 1686, says of the Freemasons: "Persons of the most eminent quality did not disdain to be of this *fellowship*." . . . "the admission of them, which chiefly consists in the communication of certain

secret signs, whereby they are known to one another all over the nation." This is a valuable statement from a foe to the Masonic society, occurring, as it does, in a printed work of the seventeenth century, and beyond doubt of any kind.

We presume our good friend, Bro. Norton, will no longer "doubt very much whether Bro. Hughan can with certainty prove that either speculative Masons or speculative Masonry, in our acceptation of the term, was known before Anderson and Desaguliers were initiated," for the records submitted of 1670 certainly date before the initiation of either of these well-known craftsmen, as they were not born until some years after that period!

In conclusion, let us say we have no desire to be "pat upon the back," but only to discover the truth. We recognize the right of Bro. Norton or any other Mason to challenge our statements, which appear from time to time in print, and are always pleased to make known our sources of information at any time. Brothers Woodford, Lyon and ourselves have been amused sometimes at our discoveries being plagiarized, but such conduct never causes any deeper feelings. We have at all times to gratefully recognize the hearty support afforded us by the Masonic press, particularly in England and the United States, and we have had no more earnest and faithful friends than those who like Bro. Norton, freely criticize our writings and acknowledge the importance of facts brought to the light. We may fairly, however, ask that our articles and works may be carefully read before being called upon to furnish the proof which has already been submitted.

UNCERTAINTY.

REV. HENRY G. PERRY.

Uncertainty is written high
 And low on Nature's scroll;
 Yet e'er sublime Philosophy
 Decrees unto the soul,
 Thy bourne is far above the sky,
 Where nameless glories roll;
 Blessed heir of all eternity—
 The end is no uncertainty
 'Tis the celestial goal!

Uncertain as a fitful dream
 Are fortune, fame and power,
 Whose hollow honours flaunt and gleam
 And fade each passing hour ;
 Uncertain every human scheme,
 But thou, immortal flower,
 Shalt bloom throughout eternity !
 The soul knows no uncertainty,
 Tho' rude Time's tempests lower.

When Time itself its race hath run,
 And o'er our earth shall fall
 No more the sheen of star or sun,—
 Blind ruin spreads its pall—
 Thou, seraph soul, lov'd, lingering one,
 Shalt spurn life's hated thrall ;
 Exultant and eternally
 Triumphant o'er uncertainty,
 Where spirit voices call.

Voice of Masonry, America.

Review.

(Continued from page 350.)

The Death of Ægeus, and other Poems.
 By W. H. A. Emra. London: Samuel
 Tinsely.

The principal poem is a dramatic one ; the persons represented being Ægeus, King of Athens ; a merchant, a fisherman, a messenger from Theseus ; Theseus, son of Ægeus ; and the chorus of Athenian old men. The whole scenery is laid upon and near to Mount Sunium ; and Mr. Emra has succeeded in giving freshness to an old-world story, and is evidently a man of fine classical tastes.

The piece opens with the chorus before the tent of Ægeus, on the summit of the Attican promontory :—

“ Rise, young dayshine, over the sea,
 And the glimmering earth,
 Rouse the white birds on the soaring cliff,
 Till they shriek in their mirth ;
 And bring fresh life to the waking world
 With thy purple birth.”

The dream of Ægeus, as told by himself to the chorus, is powerfully written :—

“ Now listen to the things I dream'd,
 Just ere your voices woke me. Round
 me raged
 The storm's full fury ; yet me thought I
 stood
 On this wind-lash'd and pathless precipice,

Unheeding of the rain which dash'd around,
 Unheeding of the fury of the blast,
 Unheeding of all things except the line
 Of yon far-off horizon, kindled up
 Into a long white streak of living fire
 Each fitful moment. Suddenly, a pause,
 A hush ; the wild storm slept, and all
 was dark,

And then there came again a gust of
 wind

That sent a shivering through my aged
 limbs,

And dash'd me to the cliff. There,
 while I clung

With clench'd hands grasping at the
 rooted tufts,

A forked flash lit up the black abyss ;
 And as it play'd upon the distant wave,
 I saw—ye gods! do I not speak the truth?—
 I saw the doom-ship on that distant wave,
 Black-sail'd, death-freighted,—and beside
 my ear,

With heaven's loud-crashing thunders in-
 termixt,

Some voice was hissing,—‘ Fool, that
 lov'st a son,

He was, for whom thou watchest. Death
 is kind

To thee ; thou shalt not live to feed
 thy woe

With all the store of past-day memories,
 And thoughts of bold words and of
 bolder deeds.

But yet to join him in the Hades gloom,
 To link love-arms together, and to crown
 His shadowy brows with twisted asphodel,
 And hear a faint voice call thee once
 again

“ Oh, father, father !” that alone is thine !
 Go, fool, and join him.’ Then me-
 thought a grasp

Was on me—unresisting, forward bent,
 Prone o'er the summit of the rock I fell ;
 And as I fell, once more the flashes lit
 The wild cliff, and the wild birds shriek'd
 with fear

To see me falling, and I shriek'd and
 woke.”

The scene between the fisherman and
 the chorus is a fine one :—

“ FISHERMAN.

My news is for the king,
 Not for such dotard ears as yours to hear.

CHORUS.

Fine are thy words ; but we are here, his
 guards.

None passes if we do not. We will hear
What tidings thou may'st bring of good
or ill.

FISHERMAN.

Oh, greed of gold ! thou teachest men too
much.

Their hoary heads would hear me, then
retail

My words, and reap reward that should
be mine.

CHORUS.

Out on thee, peasant born ; in deed and
word

True churl ; what motive have we for
reward ?

Our work, to serve—our wages, a kind
word,

A smile, a thankful trust—and not base
gold.

FISHERMAN.

The high may scorn it, but the poor must
seek it.

CHORUS.

Perchance ; but think not all must think
the same.

FISHERMAN.

All seek some wage, though it may not
be gold.

CHORUS.

Peace to thy prating,—we will hear thy
tale.

Should there be truth—not all a braggart's
talk—

We then will say, Pass on. He will not
stint

His gift for aught of hope about his son.

FISHERMAN.

Pledged ? Are ye pledged by Zeus and
his strong oath ?

Bound are ye by the vow that none
may break ?

Then, friends, I trust you. Cast your eyes
below :

See there in a creek of the bay, drawn
up to land,

A light-sail'd craft—my hope, my home,
my world.

In that, with two to aid to trim the sails,
Or range the nets, or let the anchor go,

For years the seas I've skimm'd, and
know each isle,

Fair, rich, bleak, rocky, over all the sea.
Last week we plied by Naxos. We had
fill'd

Full oft our boat, and changed our stock
for brass,

Or barter'd it for things we need at home.
Then we would sail. But the gods sent
a calm.

Windless, our craft lay useless. Over-
head,

The noonday sun drew off the silent
waves

A filmy haze, that wrapp'd the bush
crown'd cliff,

'Neath which out flash'd a myriad notes
of sand,

And whitest of all sightssavenewborn snow,
The tide sent up its spray-flakes, lingering

For the fresh strength to take them back
again."

And so on. The reader must procure the
poem for himself if he would once more enjoy
the whole Ægean story as told in a new
form by a young English poet of great
promise. I had marked several more
passages for quotation, but pass them by
for want of space, hoping the reader who
cares for the specimens already given,
will buy the book, in which he will find
much to please him, and nothing to
offend the most fastidious.

From the shorter poems we must content
ourselves with two extracts. The first is—

"DUST TO DUST.

Past the toil, so hard to bear,
Pain and hunger, want and care ;
Past the fever and the strife
Of the pauper's struggling life ;
Plain deal coffin, contract bought,
Common shroud, for paupers wrought,
And the narrow unmark'd mound
In the common burial-ground.

Poor in life, but not in death—
Poor in wealth, but rich in faith ;
Shrunk the form those deal boards cover,
Rank the weeds, thick waving over ;
But for him the gold heaps blaze
In a world beyond our gaze ;
There, and not below the sod,
Lives the poor man, rich to God !

'Dust to Dust'—O formal prayer !
'Earth to earth'—so lay him there !
Leave him with no tear-drop shed,
Softly o'er the nameless head :
Leave him—angel tears shall flow,
Joy for sad life snatch'd from woe :
Lead him—vilest dust shall vie
With heaven's immortality !"

They who have read that valuable work,
The Schoolmaster of Roger Ascham, and

revelled in his glorious description of that visit "to Brodegate in Leicestershire," to take his leave of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, before he went to Germany, will never forget how, when "her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park," he "found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace." How she "wist all their sport in the park" was "but a shadow" to the pleasure she found in Plato, has been delineated for us by the pen of the honest Yorkshireman, with the minute fidelity to nature of a Flemish painter. To such lovers of literature, the following verses need no commendation:—

"LADY JANE GREY.

Shine, sunlight, through the blazon'd pane,
Spring morning, light the girlish hair,
Shed on that form thy golden rain,
That Danaë, self-imprisoned there,
Sweet student of the Good and Fair;—
Her Plato's high ideals portray
The charms that sharp death cleft away.

Not useless the philosophy

Which told of Socrates' last breath,—
His calm voice taught her how to die,
Bade her be firm in her true faith,
That dawn when *she* was led to death.
When the grim axe-fall quench'd for aye
That unsought queendom of a day."

From a poet of such promise—whose purity is equal to his power—we may reasonably look forward to other volumes to help to enrich our noble English literature.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY MARY A. BERTRAND.

There is something unnatural in the death of a child. It is like the blight that withers the young buds—the untimely rains beating down the green corn. That the petals of the full-blown flowers should fall, seems only to follow in the right order of things; their mission is fulfilled, their odour is gone, the joy of their exist-

ence is past. We could not desire to detain them, excepting in the perfumes we may have extracted from them, as the essence of the minds of our poets, and artists, and sculptors, is left behind them in their works. The patriarch, "old and full of years," is fit for the sickle, like a field of ripe corn. In another aspect, however, the death of a child may be regarded as not so very sorrowful a thing; for as no one will deny that the fate of a rose-bud is much exalted when placed in the bosom of beauty, so, if we could sincerely believe that Providence takes our human blossoms to place them in a region of perfect bliss, we should the less regret their loss. Yet talk as we will upon the abstract question, the strong instincts of our nature will triumph over faith and philosophy when the time of trial comes; and when we see a woman so perfectly resigned as to shed no tear over the coffin of her child, we involuntarily shrink from her as an unnatural monster.

* * * *

An anxious mother, who sits by a little bed, on which her youngest child is lying. The doctor, with his kind, grave face, sits on the opposite side, and on him her eyes are fixed.

"Your fears are too well founded," he said, as he laid the little emaciated hand gently upon the coverlet; "it will be useless for me to call again; but I will do so if it will give you any satisfaction."

"Oh, yes! pray come again, sir," sobbed the poor woman.

"I warn you that nothing more can be done for him," said the doctor, "and that I can give you no hope of his recovery. However, I will look in in the morning, or, if you should wish to see me during the night, send for me, and I will come."

"God bless you, sir," said the woman, rising mechanically to light him down stairs.

"No, no; do not stir," he said, putting her gently back into her chair, "there is a light in the passage. I can find my way down."

For half the night the wretched mother continued to watch by the bedside of her dying child; and though already nearly worn out, how gladly would she have hailed the prospect of sitting up with him for twenty nights longer, with the certainty of his being then restored to health and strength!

For a short time, the hope of such a consummation gladdened her heart. The little sufferer opened his large languid eyes and asked for something to drink. The cooling beverage refreshed him. The wild look of fever was gone; he smiled and puckered up his thin lips—once so full and pouting—asking for a kiss.

“Do you feel better, darling?” asked the mother, with hope and despair struggling in her heart.

“Yes, mamma, much better. What will to-morrow be?”

“Monday, dear.”

“I wonder whether I shall be well enough to go to the singing class.”

His mother put her hand to her throat, and pressed it and swallowed, as if something were choking her, before she could find voice to speak.

“I don’t think you will be well enough, Willy.”

“Then I will practice at home,” he replied. “Give me the book, will you, mother, dear? There it is on that shelf, wrapped up in paper.”

She gave him the book, raised him up with pillows as he asked her, and then went to dispatch a messenger for the doctor, as “there was a great change, which she hoped was for the better.”

When she returned to the room the little fellow was singing, in a weak but very sweet voice, one of the songs from his singing-book. It was a childish ditty about birds and flowers.

“I hope, mother,” he said, when the song was ended—“I hope when I die I shall be buried among flowers, and under the blue sky, and where the birds can sing all about me. I should not like to be put into one of those nasty London grave-yards.”

“You shall not be put into one of them, my child, if I am alive to prevent it,” replied his mother.

“Thank you, dear mamma. But I don’t think I am going to die yet—do you?”

“I hope not, darling,” she replied, but her heart-broken aspect belied her words.

“No, I think I must be getting much better, as I can sing again. I wish so to sing, you can’t think, for Mr. Mainzer said I was a good boy the last time I went; and he patted me on the head, and said I was getting on very well. That was my favourite that I sang just now. But here’s another one I know that you like better

than that. Now, I’ll sing your favourite, mother dear.”

As he was singing the first words, “Be just and true,” the door opened softly, and the doctor entered. His face was bright and anxious, but at the first glance upon his patient his countenance fell, and the wretched mother read the death-warrant in his dimmed and sorrowful eye.

“There, that’s all,” said the child, while the poor woman held her handkerchief over her mouth to stifle her sobs; “I shall go to sleep now, mother; it is quite dark. Give me a kiss. Good night.”

He kissed her, turned on his pillow, and lay still.

MASONRY v. ANTI-MASONRY.

Suggested on seeing illustration of same in February No. Voice of Masonry.

J. D. C. HOLT.

In majesty that rock has stood,
Exposed to storm and breaker,
The pride of all discerning minds,
The work of our great Maker.
Oppression has no effort spared
That lofty crest to mar;
Her ships approach with shot and sail,
Retire with scarce a spar.

Creeds, too, have long that cliff assailed,
But vain proved each endeavour,
For there it’s stood and there it stands,
A beacon light for ever.
It soars aloft above the waves,
Mad billows lash its side;
While unity and peace prevail,
No danger can betide.

Superstition has her votaries armed,
This peaceful realm to gain,
But fixed it stands amid the tide,
The victor of the main.
So let them set their minions on
With ignorance hand in hand,
And not a shot can they evoke
From this beleagured band.

In spite of all their deadly aim,
Her rampart colours fly;
She still with charity extends
A *silent*, firm reply.
As furious as the storm may dash
Against that rocky shore,
As often will their shafts rebound,
The same as heretofore.

Voice of Masonry, U.S.

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF
SHEBA.

CARL MAUCH'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH-EAST
AFRICA.

[We take the following most interesting and very thrilling account from the *Guardian* of March 17th, and which we reproduce "in extenso," as it will repay perusal.—Ed.]

Dr. Augustus Petermann's Geographical Miscellany (*Erganzungsheft*, No. 37, zu Petermann's *Geographischen Mittheilungen*), published at the establishment of Justus Perthes, in Gotha, contains an abstract of the various journeys undertaken by Herr Carl Mauch between Natal and the Zambesi during the years 1865—1872, illustrated by an original chart showing his latest journey to the ruins of Zimbabwe, thence northwards across the sources of the Sabia River to the head waters of the Luenza, a well-known auriferous tributary of the Zambesi, and from this, in a nearly easterly direction to Senna, a Portuguese town on the Zambesi, in latitude $17^{\circ} 12'$, and approximate longitude $35^{\circ} 12'$.

Of course, even in the fifty-two pages devoted to the subject it is only possible to give a mere outline of the various journeys, and in the limits of a review we can merely glance at those of minor importance, and notice but briefly those in which real exploration of countries unvisited by modern travellers (and in some cases known to us only from native reports collected by the early Portuguese) has been affected.

On the 15th January, 1865, the discoverer of our gold-fields escaped the dangers of the roadstead and the bar and entered the harbour of Natal.

We may again refer to his description of our railway, our wilderness between the station and the town, our fountains, and the mangroves and malaria bordering our bay, as well as his journey to Pietermaritzburg and excursions in its vicinity; but we must now briefly notice his first journey from Natal through the Orange Free State to Rustenburg in the Transvaal Republic, his graphic description of the waggon journey, of farmers' dwellings in the Transvaal, of the geology of Wikewaters Randt—the watershed between the

Vaal River and Limpopo, and of his first year's residence in the Transvaal Republic, enjoying its beautiful climate and making himself acquainted with its mineral riches and its capabilities as a corn and fruit producing country, and its revelations of animal life which impress the new comer with wonder and astonishment at the apparently inexhaustible fertility of nature. His account of the derivation of the name of Potchefstroom is that the first syllable was taken from the name of the commandant Potgieter, the second "chief" indicated his rank, and the third linked the named to the stroom or river; and his night's lodging in an umbrageous, with a lion roaring round him, and the inhospitality of the suspicious Boers when they found him gold-seeking on their farms and threatened to shoot him are humorously described, as well as the march of a commando, which we will not spoil by abbreviating. But we cannot omit to say that the researches of Herr Mauch, combined with the knowledge of the Rev. Merenski and the enterprise of Mr. Frederiek Jeppe, Postmaster-General of the Transvaal, produced for us the first tolerably complete and reliable map of that Republic.

We come now to the more extended journeys northwards, by which Mauch achieved his European reputation as an explorer and a discoverer of gold.

On the 15th of February, 1866, he met the veteran hunter, Mr. Henry Hartley (formerly of Bathurst, in the eastern province of the Cape Colony), who had already travelled to the Zambesi, a few miles below the Falls, and he had more recently gained the friendship and goodwill of the great Matabili chieftan, Moselekatse, and now enjoyed permission to hunt in his dominions. Hartley had long known the traditions current among the Boers of the gold beyond the Zoutpansberg, and while following the spoor of elephants over the vast tracts of country desolated by the conquests of the Matabili, had observed the surface workings of the former inhabitants (the Mashonas) on the numberless quartz reefs, and connecting them in his own mind with the legends above mentioned, sought further information from the survivors of that tribe, who now, as subjects to the Matabili, have taken service with him. In a few minutes Mauch

stated his plans and hopes, and received an invitation to accompany the hunter on his next journey to Matabililand. A couple of months later in the same year (1866) the expedition set out on its journey northwards, Mauch having as his sole means of geographical observation a pocket compass, while his little outfit of clothing and writing materials were packed in a small chest in the wagon. This occupation seemed inexplicable to the Matabili: his researches on the geology, the vegetation, and the natural history of their country aroused their suspicions, and, like all wild tribes, they looked upon the man who travelled with no ostensible and reasonable hope of profit, either from traffic or the chase, as either a spy with evil intentions towards their nation, or a lunatic who might be allowed "fool's liberty" so long as he kept out of active mischief.

The history of these journeys is somewhat too hurriedly passed over in notice before us, and we may therefore supply a few dates to enable our readers to understand what the energy and determination of the explorer enabled him to accomplish, with such imperfect means, and in the face of so many difficulties. On the 3rd of August, 1866, the party had halted on the Umvuli river, and there, between that river and a little tributary, probably the Simbo rivulet, he had discovered and marked down gold; this he placed by estimation in latitude $17^{\circ} 40'$, or about 30 miles too far north. A small error, indeed, considering that he had no instrument for astronomical observation; and in July, 1867, he had gained a point about 20 miles further on the Imbula River; during this journey he found gold in one place on the Umshezwie River, and no fewer than four on the Sebaque; and he had also discovered the precious metal on the Tati and the Impagne Rivers. He had mapped with a very close approximation to correctness the river and geographical features of this region, and had probably indicated its geology and the probability of finding the precious metal in the various parts of it.

In his own words, he sums up the results of the two journeys thus:—

"I give you short notice that I have been very successful in finding gold; not in small scarcely visible specks, but in great quartz; i.e., goldfields, one of them more

than 60 miles long, the other about 20 miles broad (length not then ascertained), besides numerous small parallel veins."

The letter was dated Potchefstroom, 2nd December, 1867, and on the 3rd he again writes:—

"Ivory, ostrich-feathers, and gold have always been considered the main products of Africa. The two first now form the chief remittances from here, but gold—aye, precious gold, has been hitherto been hid. But I speak now of days past, for Mr. Hartley, the elephant hunter, may count among the results of his last hunt the discovery of two goldfields of enormous extent; the first of which has been traced and seen in different latitudes to be more than 80 miles in length by 2 or 3 in breadth; the other is 22 miles broad, and promises to be most valuable; in fact, rivalling the diamonds recently discovered near Hopetown—of the purest W—No. gold. Many smaller and so-called veins of the precious metal have likewise been discovered. The vast extent and beauty of these goldfields are such that at a particular spot I stood as it were transfixed to the place, struck with amazement at the sight, and for a few moments was unable to use the hammer. Thousands of persons might here find ample room to work without interfering with one another. I vouch for these facts, and specimens in my possession will prove them truth.—Signed C. MAUCH, Naturalist."

To be continued.

A CHINESE SOLOMON.

How he decides which of two men loved a woman best.

An unusual case, showing the fertility of resource and quickness of thought of the better class of the Chinese is reported by the *North China Herald* from Nankin. During the Taeping rebellion a married Chinaman resident in that city, joined a regiment which was ordered for service against the rebels. He did not return at the close of the struggle, and nothing being heard of him for several years afterwards, his wife believing herself a widow, listened to the advances of another man who professed love for her, and who pressed his suit so ardently that she consented to join

her lot with his. They went before the proper authorities, were made husband and wife, and lived together in conjugal happiness, as they believed—at all events, they were happy. This continued for a year or two, when the first husband presented himself, alive and well, and demanded the restoration of his wife.

“Oh, no,” said No. 2; “you left her, remained away for years, nobody heard of you, she thought you dead and mourned for you. *We* are married now, and here are the papers.”

No. 1, not having heard of the example of Enoch Arden, probably, still clamoured for his wife, and it was ultimately decided to take the matter before the Chensien. The magistrate listened attentively to both sides of the story, and at first appeared puzzled what course to take. The papers produced by the second husband were legal, but the first husband was obdurate, and would not yield. At length the magistrate told them to leave the wife in his hand for ten days, and then both to come back again for his decision. This was agreed to.

About the fifth or sixth day the magistrate in great haste sent for the two men, and with a mournful countenance informed them that the wife had been suddenly smitten with an illness which had proved fatal, and that she was dead; and he asked the first husband whether he would take away the body and provide for the funeral. This man demurred, said he wanted a living wife, not a dead one, and should have nothing more to do with the matter. Turning to the other, the magistrate put the same question to him, saying that one of them must remove the body. The man said he was very poor, but the deceased had been a good wife to him; they had loved each other dearly, and, cost what it might, he would raise the money and pay for the burial.

“Very well,” said the magistrate, “then here she is—take her away with you.”

And drawing aside a curtain showed the astonished men the wife, standing and living and in good health before them. It being clear that the first husband really cared nothing for her, she willingly abided by the magistrate’s method of settling the complication. The only drawback to this story is, that we are unable to hand down to posterity, in plain English, the name of this Chinese Solomon.—*N. Y. Despatch.*

CROWN THE SACRED HILL.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

Crown the Sacred HILL!
 Raise the golden SHAFT!
 God doth bless the cheerful will,
 Oh, Brothers of the Craft!
 Long, in sleep, Moriah lay,
 Mourn her desolation day;
 Now, awake, in accents clear,
 Speaks, and willing Masons hear:—

To crown the Sacred HILL!
 Raise the golden SHAFT!
 God doth give the cheerful will,
 Oh, Brothers of the Craft!

Bring each mystic Tool,
 Old and worn they are,—
 Trowel, Gavel, Line and Rule,
 And Level, Plumb and Square.
 Spirit of the ages gone,
 Guide you to the Corner-stone!
 Strangers wait you, loving Band,
 Westward gazing, yearning stand,

To crown the Sacred HILL!
 Raise the golden SHAFT!
 God doth bless the cheerful will,
 Oh, Brothers of the Craft!

Lo, the ruined Shrine!
 Ours that mighty pile;
 See on every stone the SIGN,
 We know and love it well.
 Though in dust the BUILDERS lie,
 Though their works in ruin sigh,
 Yon DEVICE in whispers read,
 Give the lesson earnest heed,

To crown the Sacred HILL!
 Raise the golden SHAFT!
 God doth bless the cheerful will,
 Oh, Brothers of the Craft!

Keystone, American.

A VERY LAMENTABLE LAMENTATION.

BEING A NEW BALLAD IN AN OLD STYLE.

They’ve lagged our mates so shameful,
 They’ve taken a female, too,
 How verry ’ard and flinty like
 Is the arts of them men in blue.
 What with inspectors and detectives
 They wont give a “fellar” a chance,
 And then in walks a chap from the mint—
 I wish I’d got off to France.

We 'ad dun so werry werry well,
 No hend of tizzies hand bobs,
 But I must say as them as peached on us,
 They is nothing more nor snobs,
 For they've taken the bed from beneath
 our feet,
 As well as our moulds and stuff,
 And they've hactilly seized the book for
 working,
 As hif they addunt bagged henuf.

250 new bobbies is a hawful loss
 For an 'onest tradesman like me,
 And then when they tuk the softer sects,
 They did a cruel thing you see,
 For werry hoften vere men hentirely fail,
 A wuman she will succeed,
 And I've known some werry leery ones
 For to make the gudgeous bleed.

Well, I don't think much of Hold Hengland
 now,
 And werry much less of the law,
 I believe that heverythings a going wrong,
 And hall is as cross has hever I saw,
 For a poor feller now can be taken hup,
 For the werry slightest thing,
 And thimble-rigging haint wot it were,
 And they've neerly busted the ring.

But wot I feels trully the most hon,
 Is their treatment of a wuman,
 I says as 'ow to search 'er pockets
 Is certainly not human ;
 If they haddunt found that bag of bobbies,
 We might 'ave got hoff afore the beak,
 But 250 counterfeet shillings,
 Does heverything helse but speak.

Still never say die, old matey,
 And here's good luck to our 'ed,
 If the Kops haddunt been down upon us,
 We should 'ave 'ad a frustrate spread,
 For we had got hon so werry prosperous,
 And taken lots of the tradesfolks hin,
 That we should 'ave done uncommon com-
 fortable,
 And made a little tin.

But hi ham allus down hon my luck, ham hi,
 And hive got no more to say,
 The pollis they wuddent give us a chance,
 To get hourselves away.
 We shall 'ave to do some wurk gratis,
 And get, like Horton, thinner ;
 I wish they'd give hus somethin' better,
 Than Government skilly for dinner.

BILL SIKES,

× His Mark.

A FEW EXTRACTS

FROM

A RELATIVE NATURAL HISTORY.

AUNT.—The Aunt is generally a domestic animal, sometimes *fat* and sometimes *lean*. They often have great affection for their nephews and nieces, which occasionally shows itself by "tips" of five or ten pound notes ; when this is the case they are greatly to be admired.

BROTHER.—The Brother is sometimes a *wild* and sometimes a *tame* animal—often rather a bore. When tame, generally "very tame," and may then be known by *green* spectacles, a pale face, and fondness for "milk and watery" novels ; when wild, by a weakness for betting, billiards, late hours, &c.

COUSIN.—The cousin is often a very *useless* animal. If of the opposite sex, may be used for ordinary flirtation ; when of the same sex and *rich*, they may be *tried* for borrowing purposes (success doubtful). Often known as "hangers on."

DAUGHTER.—These are often *lovely* creatures, and may be seen to *advantage* at balls, flower shows, the opera, &c. They are often found playing the piano, singing, flirting, &c. Their chief characteristic is a love of dress and sentiment.

GRANDPA.—Is usually *aged*, with a fondness for being read to before—and a nap after—dinner. Will occasionally grumble, but, when of the "red nose" species, Old Port, applied at frequent intervals, will be found to have a soothing effect. May be known by comparing *youth* of the present generation with those of his *own*, not *always* to the former's advantage.

NEPHEW.—The Nephew when "awfully clever" at spending and *borrowing* money, may generally be considered a nuisance, as he is then continually asking favours. The only *certain* remedy is to send him abroad. Chiefly known by his *want* of cash.

UNCLE.—The uncle may be divided into *two* classes, "the jolly" and "the crusty." The jolly can be *bled* freely and still comes up smiling ; but the crusty, if *once bit*, it is best not to try again, as he is then in a very dangerous state. Both kinds are generally found with either a gold or silver snuff box. After dinner may be considered the best time to see them *to advantage*.

R. A. J.